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"WHIST!" HE CRIED, SUDDENLY. "PAPER, PINS AND INK—LET ME WRITE THAT I'M KILT BY THAT BLAUGUARD, LIVINGSTONE!"

Orphan Nell, the Orange-Girl;

OR,

THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES.

A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE.

BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER III.

A DARK NIGHT AND A DARK DEED.

I sat down by the window and looked out through the dirty, discolored panes into the inky blackness of the night. As I sat there a thought came into my head regarding the likeness between Nell, the Orange Girl, and the wealthy Fifth Avenue blood, Richard Livingstone; it was, indeed, wonderful. Could not that resemblance be used to aid my plans? This girl, twenty-three years of age, reared at Little Falls, New York, and whom I desired to find, might be dead, or gone to some distant part of the Union. I had no proof that she was in New York; that she was living in the city a year ago, was no evidence that she was here now. Why should I search for her? Why not produce Nell, the Orange Girl, for her? The striking resemblance to the Livingstone family would be half the battle, and, backed with the "doctored" marriage-certificate and record of baptism, I could possibly force Richard Livingstone to pay me a good round sum, say twenty thousand, to keep his secret. It was worth trying. There was but one obstacle in the way—the age of the girl. Nell did not seem to be more than seventeen, while the real Salome would be, at this time, twenty-three; but then, looks are deceptive. Nell might be older than she appeared; at any rate I did not consider the point strong enough for Livingstone to make a successful struggle upon.

"Good," I cried, to myself, after thinking the matter over thoroughly, "I will try it!" I went into the inner room, where I found Pat hard at work upon the papers—the papers which, if I played my cards rightly, would bring fortune to me.

"Well, Pat, how do you get on?" I asked.

"Beautiful! The acid has eat the old ink completely, an' see how nately I've put the new names! Do ye mind the three different styles of writing, the minister's an' the two witnesses? The hand of the minister is round, nate and flowin', wid jist the slightest bit of runnin' together betwene the letters, like a man who writes a dale, and sometimes in a hurry, do ye mind? The hand is large, because he's got used to writin' that hand in his sermons, so he can read 'em easy on Sunday when he preaches to his flock."

Pat called my attention to this fact, with an air of triumph.

"That is excellent!" I said. MacCarthy was, indeed, a splendid penman, one of those gifted ones in that line who could write a half-dozen hands and all of them different.

"Of course it is! Begorra!" I didn't learn to make pot-hooks for nothing! Now, jist look at the hand of the first witness—do ye mind? It's a cramped, ugly hand, like a man who didn't hold a pen betwene his fingers more than once in a year; then the second witness is signed in a female hand, Bridget O'Neil. Jist look at that illigant hand! Musha! It looks like a spider, had dipped his legs into an ink-bottle and crawled across the paper in a straight line, an' it's not straight aither, when ye come to look at it. Do ye see my idea now? These two went to the minister's house to be married—it was a secret marriage; of course they didn't

have any friends wid them, and the witnesses were the servants in the house; there's logic in that now."

"Very true; I do not think that Livingstone will for a moment doubt the correctness of the documents. If he does, I have another plan to worry him. I'll produce the girl."

"Yis!" returned Pat, with a wink, "the rael gurl if ye can; or if ye can't, another gurl will do quite as well. It's a head ye have got on your shoulders. Ye ought to go in partnership wid me in the law; an' spakin' of the law, what do ye s'pose that divilish old fool, Judge Kenine—I spake respectfully of him because he's a judge—did to-day?"

"I can't guess; what was it?"

"Ye see, I was counsel for the defendant in a 'sault an' battery case, an' my client's case didn't have a leg to stand on—for he did batter the 'other feller like the divil—so, as the only way to git out of it, I applied the case an' offered bail; it was only a trifle—a hundred dollars, but, begorra! it might as well have been a thousand, for divil a cent did my client have, so I offered old Moses, the Jew feller, in an illigant black suit of clothes, for the bail, an' the stupid old fool of a judge wouldn't take him, an' he knows, too, he's the most respectable-looking straw-bail there's in the district."

"So your client went to the 'Island' to rusticate, eh?"

"Divil a bit! Counselman Kerry kim in an' bailed him like a gentleman as he is, whin my client an' I an' Mr. Counselman Kerry all went and took a drink together while the poor divil who was 'saulted and battered was locked up as a witness, because he couldn't give bail!"

"Your client didn't have any money, you say?"

"Divil a rap!"

"Then how did you get your pay?"

"Aisy enough. My client is the fightin' feller called 'Curly Joe'; he controls tin votes in this ward, and he sold the votes to me, an' that's the way I got my fees."

"I say, Pat," exclaimed I, "you Tombs lawyers take queer fees sometimes."

"Yis, begorra! I take what I kin git, an' mighty little it is too, sometimes."

"By the way, Pat," said I, examining the marriage-certificate, "the acid has changed the color of the paper a little—has made it lighter."

"Yis," replied he, "I noticed that. Wait till a little while an' I'll doctor 'it for ye."

From his pocket he took some chewing tobacco, laid it in the palm of his hand and moistened it with a little water; then, with the mixture, he proceeded to stain the whitish spots left by the action of the acid—then he held it up for my inspection. It was perfect.

"Good!" I cried, "that will do."

"Do!" he exclaimed. "Musha! I think it will. Now, Alex, I'm goin' to take a snooze because I'm tired. I'll put the papers in the wash-stand drawer."

"All right! I'll receive our honored guest in the outer room."

"Yis!" I say, Alex, make him come down wid the shokeles, bad cess to him! Why the divil should he kape all the money, whin

there's two handsome young men like you an' I that could make a good use of it?"

"Never fear! I'll bleed him like a leech, or my name isn't Alex Gorden."

Pat, with a grunt of satisfaction, stretched himself upon the bed, and I went back to the outer room.

I sat down by the window and looked out again upon the darkness of the night. Not a star was visible; the sky was black as ink. I thought over the interview about to come. There is an old saying that every family has a skeleton in its closet; the Livingstones were not an exception. I had opened their closet and held its secret in my grasp!

Again the thought of the resemblance that Nell bore to Richard Livingstone came to my mind. Fortune seemed to favor me here. If Livingstone was obstinate and not disposed to compromise, I would produce Nell as the child of Salome Percy; one glance at that face—that face in which were set the blue eyes of his father—the steel-blue eyes, the make of the Livingstones handed down from their ancestors—and I felt sure he would yield, and accede to my demands.

Strange, too, the feelings that filled my heart in regard to the Orange Girl. Her face, since we parted, had been ever before me; the blue eyes seemed always gazing into mine. There was no disguising the fact: I was beginning to care more for her, than I had ever done for any other woman, not even excepting the queenly Olive. Was I beginning to love her? Love! folly for such as I to think of; folly even to dream of! What had I to do with love? I a slave to liquor! I had not drank for six hours, and now my throat was parched with thirst and craved the liquid fire, which quenched that thirst but destroyed alike both body and soul. I knew that drink was killing me, and yet I drank—drank to drown thought—to remove the remembrance of the past. But I fought against the longing.

"No whisky to-night!" I cried. "I need a clear head and all my senses; no devil's draught shall fire my brain and make me a child in strength, a fool in reason."

I knew well enough I needed all my wit—all my cunning in the coming interview. Richard Livingstone was no child, but a determined, unscrupulous man of the world; possessed, too, of an abundance of money—money! that great lever which moves half the world.

The bell of City Hall rung out nine sharply on the night air. Hardly had the last sounds died away in the distance, ere I heard a footstep cranking upon the rotten staircase, and came a knock at the door.

"Alas!" cried I, "that's my man!"

I went to the door, opened it, and Richard Livingstone entered.

"Good evening, Alex," he said, in a friendly way; "you see I am punctual."

He was habited in one of the large cape overcoats, army style. I did not wonder at this, for, though early autumn, the nights had already begun to grow chill.

"You are on time," I said; "the clock has just struck nine. Be seated."

"Thank you," he replied, taking the offered chair.

I noticed that he looked around the little room with an inquiring glance.

"You are observing my apartments, eh, Richard? I'm not quite so well situated as I was the last time you called upon me; I had rooms then, I believe, on Twenty-third street—one hundred per month. I pay five now; some difference."

I spoke with a careless air, and with something of a sneer, and the thought went through my mind that his money would place me again in decent society.

"I must confess, Alex, that you do not live in a palace," he said, with a light laugh.

"Beggars, Livingstone, should not be choosers. I have nothing; I live on nothing."

"A light diet, Alex. It may agree with you; but, for my part, I prefer Delmonico's. But, joking aside, didn't you find it hard to get used to this sort of thing?"

"No!" I replied, bitterly; "you forget how I got used to it. A man steeped in liquor cares but little where he lies; he can sleep almost anywhere. The police of this city have picked me out of the gutter many a night, or rather morning, covered with mud from head to foot."

"By Jove, Alex!" he cried, in astonishment, "you've led a devil of a life. It's a wonder to me that you haven't killed yourself long before now."

"I don't doubt that I should have done so, had my money lasted. I dropped gradually from getting drunk on champagne at five dollars a bottle to tangle-foot whisky at five cents a drink."

"Five cents a glass! Wretched stuff it must be!"

"Oh, no! It's got the fire—the sting—that's all a drunkard wants. Champagne is flat and insipid; it doesn't burn like whisky. That fires the brain and destroys the reason; a man forgets his past life. There's no lethe like that produced by whisky. Many a sad hour I've avoided by flying to the bottle."

"You'll kill yourself in time!"

"There's no doubt of it, whatever; that is, if I keep on in the way I am going now. I don't drink as much as I used to, though. I am trying to cure myself, but it's a hard task—no man can tell how hard until he has been a slave to liquor, and then attempts to free himself from the power of the tyrant."

"Do you think you will succeed?"

"I do not know," I answered. "I used to get drunk every day—that is, if I could possibly beg or borrow the money to pay for the liquor; but now, I have forced myself to be content with three glasses of whisky, one in the morning, one at noon and one at night. In this way I have kept off the man with the poker, who generally visits the reforming drunkard. It's a hard thing to restrict myself, and every now and then I break over the bounds and am lost to sense and reason for three or four days."

"Well, Alex, I wouldn't lead your life for a million," said Livingstone, with a half-shudder.

"I don't doubt it; but I am something of a believer in the Moslem idea. We each have our path in life allotted to us; tread it we must, whether we will or no."

"Perhaps it is so," he replied, with a careless shrug of his shoulders; "but let us to business. You have the papers that you spoke of to-day?"

"Yes," I answered; "they are in the next room. Mr. MacCarthy has them."

"MacCarthy?" he said, with an air of astonishment.

"Yes, my room-mate."

"Oh! but don't be in a hurry. We've plenty of time before us. By the way, I often think of the good old times we used to have at college together, and happening to think about them as I passed by the Metropolitan Hotel coming down, I stopped in and got a bottle of champagne. I thought it would be dry talking, and it would remind us of old times."

"Yes," I replied, absently. I was thinking. I knew Richard Livingstone well, and this movement of his surprised me. I knew him too well to think for a single moment that any thoughts of the old college days had prompted him to bring this wine. No! he had a purpose in it. Was the wine drugged? Did he think he could "change" me, and then rob me of the papers? Perhaps that was his object—for that he had some concealed motive I was sure.

"Got a cork-screw?" he asked.

"No, we don't have luxuries here, hardly the necessities of life; but, I've a jack-knife in the next room. I'll take the neck off the bottle with it—clean as a whistle."

"That will do; get it," he said, producing the bottle of champagne from his coat-pocket. The "green seal" denoted the brand; it was a long time since I had tasted the sparkling nectar. The caving for drink was strong upon me; but I resolved that he should not drug me; he must drink as well as I.

I went into the other room and got the knife. Pat was sleeping soundly. I returned to the other apartment, placed the two tin cups upon the table, and with a clean upward-cut of the knife took the neck off the bottle. Up bubbled the foaming liquid, with its rich and rare bouquet—grateful incense to the genial soul who loved the life and spirit of the vine. I filled the cups. Livingstone drained his at a draught; the wine was not drugged then; so, without fear, I tossed the sparkling liquor down my parched throat. How grateful it was to my seared palate! I now guessed Livingstone's purpose; the wine was merely to pave the way—to put me in a good humor so that I would not drive too hard a bargain. Well, I felt no malice; he should have the papers cheap—twenty thousand dollars.

My visitor filled up the cups, and again the bubbling fluid oiled my throat. Oh! it was glorious! Again we drank, and then we talked of old college days, and drank again. The liquor put me in good humor,

and, when the last drop was poured into the cups, I heaved a deep sigh. Livingstone laughed and drew another bottle from his pocket—a bottle of French brandy, a vintage fit for a king, pure as oil, strong as fire. If the champagne was good, this was glorious. Before I knew what had happened I was drunk—drunk throughout, except my head. I could not speak; my legs refused to support me; my arms hung idly at my side, but my brain was not all obscured; I still could understand.

Livingstone looked at me with a smile of triumph.

"The papers are mine!" he hissed through his clenched teeth. Fool that I was! He had made me drunk, while the strong liquor had had no more effect upon his clear, iron-like head than so much water.

He rose from his seat, and, cautiously opening the door of the other room, entered. I could hear the heavy breathing of Pat, fast asleep.

Maddened with rage, I attempted to reach the door which Livingstone had closed behind him. The moment I left the chair I tumbled helpless upon the floor, but my brain still was clear; so I managed to roll myself to the door—I knew I could not walk. By the side of the door was a small hole in the wall, from which the plaster had fallen; through the hole I could see into the other room.

Pat had left his candle burning, so that the room was light.

Livingstone had opened the drawer of the wash-stand, and stood with the precious papers in his hands! He examined them; a smile of triumph lit up his face; then he turned to leave the room. The skirt of his heavy coat, as he turned, brushed against the water-pitcher on the stand, and it fell to the floor with a loud crash. Pat awoke from his slumbers, saw Livingstone, and, evidently suspecting his object, seized him.

Richard drew a small dagger, struck MacCarthy in the breast, and hurled him, mortally wounded, to the floor. Then he made a leap for the door. I sank down as if in a drunken sleep. Livingstone rushed through the room and down the stair-case.

In vain I attempted to rise; my limbs would not support me, and yet I seemed to be growing stronger; the horrible deed that I had just witnessed had somewhat sobered me.

Then a terrible thought struck me: suppose any one should discover me drunk in one room, MacCarthy murdered in the other? Might I not be suspected of the crime? What chance was there for me to escape?

"I am alone!" I cried, in a low voice.

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around the room. "Whist! yer honor, do yeess refuse a decent man like that for bail? jist look at the black suit on him; he's a timber-merchand, my lord—I mane, yer honor—" then he dropped his voice to a whisper and chuckled to himself. "Just as if ould Judge Kenine didn't know ould Moses, the Jew 'fence.' Oh! what a beautiful thing justice is in New York city. Oh, Katy darlint! I'll come back wid hapes of gold, and I'll make a lady of yeess." Then he broke into a low, mourning Irish song, that sounded like the chant for the dead.

His mind was wandering. I saw at once that he had not long to live; the assassin hand of Richard Livingstone had struck surely and deeply. The poor exile from the Emerald Isle would never again look upon the green hills of Erin, and "Katy darlint" would wait in vain for the return of her true lover who had sought freedom and wealth across the sea, in the land guarded by the Eagle's wings.

"Whist!" he cried, suddenly, ceasing his low song, and grasping me nervously by the arm; "paper, pins and ink—let me write that I'm kilt by that blaggard, Livingstone."

With an unsteady step, I reeled to the table, took a sheet of paper, the inkstand and a pen, then returned to Pat, and again knelt by his side.

"That's good!" With a painful effort, he turned on his side—a groan escaped him. "Oh, musha! I feel as if I was on fire inside; but I'll soon be put out. Bring the candle so I can see; I shan't need candles long."

I brought the candle and placed it on the floor by his side.

"Now, watch me while I write. I want ye to sign your name as a witness."

With a painful effort, he commenced to write—with a trembling hand he traced the following lines:

New York, Sept. 20th., 1869.
This is to certify that this evening, between the hours of nine and ten, I was stabbed in the breast with a dagger in the hands of Richard Livingstone. From that wound I am now dying, and I hereby denounce the said Richard Livingstone as my murderer.
(Signed) PATRICK MACARTHY,
Attorney-at-law.

Witness, (signed) ALEXANDER GORDEN.

"There," he said, faintly, as he finished writing, and with a low groan, rolled over again upon his back; "promise me, now that you will avenge my death. Swear that you will have Livingstone's blood for mine—that you will never rest till ye see the hangman's rope around his purty white neck!"

"MacCarthy, I swear it!" I said, solemnly. A low moan of pain came from his lips—he closed his eyes, and a vacant expression crossed his face. He was sinking fast, it was evident, even to his drunken eyes.

"Katy, darlint!" he murmured; his thoughts evidently were wandering to his early home. "Shole, shole agra!" He spoke the words common to his native tongue.

With the water I moistened his lips and forehead, then tore open his vest and shirt, and examined the wound. But little blood came from it—a dangerous sign; it showed internal bleeding. I placed my hand upon his heart—the pulsation could hardly be felt; he breathed heavily and with difficulty.

"Wather! wather!" he gasped. Again I moistened his lips. It seemed to relieve him a little; he opened his eyes; a faint smile of recognition passed across his face; then, with a great effort, the pain of which could be seen from the convulsive workings of the muscles of his face, he took my hand within his and pressed it slightly.

"God bless ye, Alex!" he said, in a faint tone; then his face began to grow rigid. In accents that could scarce be heard, he murmured: "Holy Mother, relieve the soul of a poor sinner—Katy—ave—Marie—" His voice became thick and indistinct; a single convulsive movement of the lips, and I was alone with the dead.

For a few moments his death paralyzed me. I could only remain by his side, stupidly gazing upon his face—the face of the only friend that I had in the world. He gone, and I left alone—utterly alone—no! I had forgotten Nell, the Orange Girl. I still had a friend left.

But now, to escape from this scene of horror. I folded up the paper on which was written the dying declaration of MacCarthy, and placed it in my pocket. Then, with one last look at the face of my once-jovial friend, I managed to rise to my feet and reel into the outer room. I gave a last glance around the room which, probably, on the morrow I should quit forever.

I had determined to go into the street, and try and walk off the stupor produced by the liquor; then I would proceed to the nearest Station-house, and give the information of Livingstone's crime, and thus cause his arrest at once. I would keep my oath to dead Patrick, and hang his murderer, if it were possible so to do.

I reached the outer door, turned the handle, and—found it fast!

The door had been locked on the outside.

I was a prisoner—caught like a rat in a trap. I remembered then that the key had been left on the outside of the door, in the lock. Livingstone, then, must have noticed it when he came in; and, when he fled, stayed a moment to turn the key.

But what was his object? Apparently, to his eyes, I was in a drunken stupor upon the floor—a stupor which might last for hours. Why, then, should he wish to fasten me in? It was not to avoid pursuit on my part, that was clear. What, then, was his motive? I puzzled my already befogged and muddled brain for an explanation of this riddle, but no explanation came.

At last I gave up the attempt to comprehend the meaning of this strange movement on the part of Richard Livingstone, in despair.

The first thing now for me to do was to free myself and gain the open air. Had I been sober, the task would have been easy, for I could have smashed the panels of the door out in a few minutes, but in my present helpless, drunken state, I was as weak as an infant.

What, then, could I do? I might alarm the neighbors and bring some of them to my assistance, but that I would rather not do. Besides, the front windows were securely fastened by heavy wooden shutters, while those at the back of the house, from which came the light, looked upon a small yard, and that was backed by the side of a tenement-house, and in the side of that house there were no windows. It was almost impossible to give an alarm, even if I could raise the window-sashes, and they were all securely nailed down.

There was no disguising the fact; I was caged.

A horrible thought—that I must stay alone with the dead all through the live-long night! Not that I was given to superstition, but there is a something about death that is terrible—terrible to think of—terrible to look upon. There is a nameless something in the approach and presence of the "grim King of Terrors," that mortals shrink from; and I must spend the night here, alone with the icy tenant of the grave.

The thought maddened me. No! I would make a desperate effort to escape. Reeling, I seized a chair and dashed it against the door. Vain hope! my arms were nerveless, all strength was gone, and the shock hurled me backward, prostrate, to the floor.

Oh! how I cursed my mad folly for drink! For the sake of the accursed draught—the poisonous alcoholic mixture that dries the blood and saps the life of man—I had destroyed my friend.

Had I not been a drunkard, MacCarthy would have been living; in my madness—for the love of strong drink is a madness—I had sacrificed his life.

Then, in the bitterness of my soul, I swore that never again should a single drop of spirits pass my lips. Oh! if Heaven would only give me strength to keep my oath!

I tottered to my feet. How could I escape from my present prison?

No way! no way but to wait till morning and soberness came.

Then I heard a door close. It sounded like the door that led into the street, at the bottom of the stairs. Could it be Livingstone returning? It might be so, and his purpose, to complete his work by murdering me; for now I could believe him guilty of any crime. And I was drunk, helpless and alone—an easy victim! I felt in my pocket. I had a large knife there, half pocket-knife, half dirk, with a long, sharp blade, and a spring at the back, which, once the blade was opened, held it firm in its place. I drew the knife out, and opened the blade with my teeth. Drunk as I was, with this weapon I was not utterly helpless.

I listened. I heard a light footstep upon the stairs, not like a man's heavy tread. It was not Livingstone. Who could it be?

The footsteps halted at the door, and a voice cried:

"Mr. Gordon, are you in?"

"That was the voice of Nell, the Orange Girl. She would free me!

"Yes," I answered, reeling up to the door, "but I am fastened in."

"You are not hurt?" she asked, in an anxious tone.

"No; why do you ask?" I replied.

"Because, a little while ago I saw a man come from your door, all wrapped up in a heavy coat. By the light of the gas burning before the door, I saw his face; it was deadly pale; he looked up and down the street, as if afraid of being watched. He looked like one who had done something wrong. I was afraid that perhaps you were in danger, so I thought I would come over and see."

She did care for me, then, and I felt a thrill of joy at my heart as I heard her words. She had seen Livingstone as he left the house—seen his face, and could identify him—a strong point in the web of proof that I was weaving around him.

"Do not fear, Nell; I am safe; but I am locked in. Is not the key in the door?"

"He has carried it off with him. Where were you standing when you saw this man's face?"

"Opposite, in the doorway of my house."

"Ah! then you saw his face distinctly?"

"Yes!"

"Could you swear to him, were you to see him again?" I asked.

"Yes!" again she answered.

"Could you pick him out from a crowd of others?"

"Yes, from a thousand!" came in clear tones from her lips. "He has not a common face; his hair is the same color as mine—his eyes the same dark-blue as mine. He looks like enough to me to be my brother; but he is a bad man; I know it by his look."

"Nell, have you any keys across the way, that you think will unlock this door?" I asked.

"Yes, I have a skeleton-key, that Mr. MacCarthy gave me the other day, in a joke. I'll run and get it!" And then I heard her light footsteps as she ran down-stairs, and the bang of the door as she closed it behind her.

Now, then, once free, once again sober, and Richard Livingstone would have a bloodhound on his track that would drag him down to his death.

"No mercy!" I said, between my clenched teeth, "no mercy will I show him!"

I had strong proof against him—no loophole for his escape! I laughed to myself with glee. So far in the struggle between us he had beaten me, but now I held the winning hand!

I heard the slam of the outer door, but this time very faint, as though Nell had opened it cautiously. She had been speedy, hardly time to have got across the street, let alone return. I heard no footsteps upon the stairs. Why did she not ascend? I listened. I heard a slight noise in the lower entry; then a heavy step. It was not Nell, but a man! What was he doing there?

Again I heard footsteps—this time in the empty store beneath me. Then I remembered. A little side-door led from the entry into the store; the man evidently had gained access to the room beneath in that way. What could be his object? I could hear him moving about the room. He remained only a few minutes, then passed into the entry, and then into the street, shutting the door carefully behind him.

Ten or fifteen minutes passed, though it seemed twice as long to me. Nell had not returned, but then, I thought, she lived at the very top of the house, six stories to ascend and descend required time.

I waited.

All at once, I became conscious that something in the atmosphere was choking me. I glanced around; the room was full of smoke; it was pouring up in great clouds through the cracks in the floor. I heard a slight crackling noise in the store beneath me. I comprehended it in a glance—the house was on fire!

I saw now why Livingstone had locked me in; 'twas him that I heard a moment ago in the room beneath me; he had returned and fired the house to destroy me and the bleeding evidence of his crime.

Cursed villain, he would win at last! "Oh! if Nell returns in time!" I cried, in accents of despair.

The smoke came pouring up faster and thicker; then the long, shooting flames appeared, licking their way upward.

I was entrapped in a cage of fire!

No escape! I rose and staggered wildly to the door. I felt I was going mad. The smoke blinded and suffocated me; my senses reeled—my brain seemed on fire. Wildly I called on Heaven to save me. Heaven answered my prayer; the door was burst open; I was saved, and fell fainting into the arms of my preserver.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 41.)

RED ARROW.

The Wolf Demon:

THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "AGE OF FEARS," "SCARLET HAND,"

CHAPTER XXII.

CALLING BACK THE PAST.

As Treveling followed the stranger from the cabin he marvelled, somewhat, at the odd place chosen by the man, who had called himself Benton, for an interview.

But urged onward by the anxious father's heart that beat within his breast, he followed his guide without fear.

Benton led the way through the station, passed the stockade and reached the forest beyond. He followed the trail leading up the Kanawha.

On through the shadows cast by the tree-tops the two went.

A good half-mile from the stockade, in a little spot of clear ground, where the flickering light of the moonbeams danced in fantastic rays, Benton halted.

"There," he said, as he wheeled abruptly round and faced the old soldier, "this will do; just the spot for an interview."

The General wondered at the words of the stranger; wondered still more at the peculiar expression that was on his face.

"Do you remember this spot, General?" asked Benton.

"No," replied Treveling, after a glance around him.

"And yet you have been here before."

"That is very likely, but there is nothing in particular that I can remember to fix the spot in my mind," Treveling said.

"Are you sure of that?" asked the other.

"Quite sure." The old General could not understand the meaning of these odd questions in relation to a simple opening in the forest.

"And yet something happened in this very spot that should have fixed it forever in your memory."

"I can not remember," said Treveling, puzzled.

"You were an officer under Lewis when he fought the battle of Point Pleasant and whipped Corn-planter in Dunmore's time?"

"Yes, but you spoke of this before; you said that you served under me in that fight."

"No, not in the fight, but before it," said the stranger. "When I call back the memory of that campaign do you not remember some event that happened in this very glade?"

"No," Treveling answered, after a moment's pause.

"You do not?" Benton said, in astonishment.

"No," Treveling again replied.

"Let me call back to your mind a scene or two that happened long years ago."

There was an icy tone in the voice of the stranger that struck a sudden chill to the heart of the old man. For the first time he felt a feeling of apprehension regarding the man who was acting so strangely.

"Dunmore is Governor of Virginia," commenced the stranger, "and General Lewis is marching with all the force that can be raised along the border, against Corn-planter at the head of the Shawnees, the Mingoos and the Wyandots. He has halted here, information having reached the ears of the General that the Indians, in great numbers, are at the junction of the Kanawha and the Ohio, ready to give him battle."

As the stranger spoke, Treveling, with a bewildered air, was gazing around him. Slowly, little by little, the memory of the past came back to him.

The little glade now seemed familiar to his eyes. It had been the camping-ground of his own regiment.

"Do remember now!" he exclaimed. "Here I encamped the day before the fight. The glade has changed somewhat, though, since that time. Then, instead of this broad trail there was naught but an Indian foot-path here."

"Yes, it is some years since Lewis' army eat their hog and hominy under the forest boughs that shadow in this little glade."

"Why do you recall Lewis' campaign?" asked Treveling.

"Wait a little and you shall learn," said Benton, and an ominous light shone in his eyes as he spoke. "Here Lewis' army halted to prepare for the deadly fight that they expected would come on the morrow. In this little opening your division was encamped. Your men had hardly layed aside their arms and begun to prepare their supper, when a blow was given and received. You, the colonel in command, was struck in the face and felled to the earth by a private soldier to whom you had given the lie."

"Yes, I remember the circumstance now that you recall it to my memory, although I had forgotten it long since," said Treveling, calmly.

"The man who struck you was a volunteer; a man known far and wide as one of the best scouts in all the Ohio valley. He did not think for a moment that you wore the golden marks of a colonel on your shoulders while he was covered only by the buck-skin hunting-shirt of the borderer. You insulted him, and he struck you to his feet as any man would have done."

"But, on the following morning, he paid dearly for that blow," said Treveling, quickly.

"You never spoke a truer word," returned Benton, bitterly. "When the morning came, the same waving boughs that witnessed you give the lie to the scout, and then saw you kiss the dust, stricken there by his arm, looked down upon the drum-head court-martial. And then beheld the lash cut long welts of blood on the naked shoulders of the borderer, who had dared to forget that he was a soldier and remember that he was a man. And then, degraded, a whipped slave, he was driven forth a dishonored wretch."

"All this happened years ago; why do you recall it?" asked Treveling, impatiently.

"I recall the past that I may speak of the present," replied Benton, a sullen frown upon his face and anger flaming in his eyes. "Did you ever learn the fate of the man whose life you ruined?"

"No," replied Treveling.

"Do you remember what he said to you, after the lash had done its work and they raised the almost helpless man, crimsoned with his blood?"

"No, except that it was a threat of some sort."

"He said 'your quarters shall swim in blood for this,' and he kept his word. The man whose back was torn by your lash joined the red-men, became a white Indian, a renegade to his country and his kin. He swore bitter and eternal vengeance against you, and he kept his oath. When your cabin by the Ohio was attacked, he headed the Shawnees. You escaped only by a miracle. Then, when you had taken refuge in the station of Point Pleasant, he thought of another plan to be revenged upon you. You had two daughters once."

The stranger paused. There was a fearful meaning in his simple words.

"Can it be possible that this human fiend can have had aught to do with the unaccountable disappearance of my eldest child, Augusta?" cried Treveling, in breathless anxiety.

"She wandered forth one summer's day within the woods and never came back?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the anxious father; "can you tell me aught of her fate?"

"I can," replied Benton, with a look of fearful meaning. "In the wood, like a hawk on the watch, was the man who had sworn such deadly vengeance upon your head. His heart leaped for joy when he beheld the prattling child enter the shadows of the forest. He seized the little girl, your eldest joy, and carried her from the station. In the gloomy recesses of the forest he left her to die."

"Oh! the heartless fiend!" cried the father, in agony.

"And think you that even this glorious vengeance satisfied him? No! He panted for more. Thirsted for it as the hungry wolf thirsts for blood to satisfy the cravings of its savage nature. You still had another daughter left. For years this human bloodhound hung about the station, eager to rob you of the sole remaining joy that made your life happy. Time passed on; your daughter grew to womanhood, as fair a flower as ever bloomed on the banks of the Ohio. Patiently your foe waited. Chance at last gave the golden opportunity, and your daughter fell into his hands."

"What?" cried the old man, horror-stricken, and hardly able to believe the evidence of his senses.

"Your daughter is now a prisoner in his hands. A captive, helpless, in the Shawnee nation."

"But is there no way to release her?" cried Treveling, in anguish. "I will pay any sum possible for me to procure."

"If you could turn every drop of your blood into a golden guinea and spill them one by one from your veins, your foe would laugh at you and bid you remember the hour when in this very glade you scarred his back with a lash," replied Benton, fiercely.

"This man is a demon to seek such a vengeance!" cried Treveling, in despair.

"You are right, he is a demon," replied Benton, bitterly. "Can you wonder at it? Is he not an outcast from all that makes life dear, a savage amid savages?"

"Is there no way to touch this man's heart?"

"He has no heart; in its place is a lump of red clay; is he not a white Indian? What has such as he to do with hearts?"

"Why did not this man strike at my life, if he bears me the hatred that you say he does?"

"Death is not the most cruel vengeance," returned Benton, scornfully. "Can bodily pain cause you greater anguish than that you now suffer?"

"No, no," replied Treveling, slowly.

"He would have you live. Would have you know of the terrible vengeance that he has pulled down upon your head. Can you guess what the fate of your daughter will be?"

A shudder shook the frame of the old man as the question fell upon his ears.

"Oh, the thought is terrible!" he moaned.

"A young and pretty white girl in the Shawnee village will not lack for admirers. Your foe will give her to some brawny red chief to be his slave. A helpless prisoner, the victim of the savages, she will pine away and die. Her death will be a terrible one, for she will die by inches. You now know the fate of both your children. One has already suffered for your acts long years ago, and the other is now paying the penalty."

The stranger turned upon his heel as if to depart.

"Stay!" cried Treveling; "who are you that know all these horrible things?"

"Have you not already guessed?" asked Benton, with a smile of terrible meaning. "If my shoulders were bare, you could tell who I am, for the marks of the lash are still there. If you would know my name, a week hence ask the blazing dwellings along the Ohio that mark the track of the Shawnees; the glowing embers and hissing flames will answer, Simon Girty, the renegade."

Then with a bound, Girty disappeared in the forest.

Sick at heart, Treveling returned to the station.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BOONE'S ESCAPE.

ALMOST speechless with horror the old hunter bent over the body of the murdered Indian.

"One clean cut settled him," the borderer muttered, as his eyes fell upon the terrible gash on the head of the red chief, and from which the red life-blood was slowly ebbing. "I've seen it; that's no mistake. I owe him something, though, for he's got me out of the tightest place that this old carcass has been in for many a long day."

Then the scout cast a stealthy glance around him. The clouds passing over the moon still railed the earth with darkness.

"I must git out of this hyer, quick, ef not quicker. I won't give the red heathen another chance at my top-knot ef I kin help it. I wonder whar Kenton and Lark are? I s'pose they must be nigh the village, somewhar. Well, I've found out, all that I wanted to know. The Injuns mean



mischief—they're mean enough for any thing—and Point Pleasant will receive the first blow. Now, I'd better be makin' track for the settlement. Jerusalem! I hope I won't meet that awful thing in the wood. Why, my very blood freezes when I think of it." And the stout borderer shuddered as he spoke. Back to his mind came the likeness of the dark form that had freed him from his bonds in the Indian village; again he felt on his person the light touch of the hairy arm that bore on its fingers such terrible nails.

"I ain't afraid of any thing human, but I ain't used to the critters from the other world. Now, to gain the shelter of the forest and then to carry the tidings of this attack to the settlement."

Carefully the old scout proceeded on his dangerous path.

Leaving the dead Indian where he had fallen, Boone again sought the shelter of the river's bank.

Fortune favored the adventurer. No hostile Indian barred his way. Unobserved he reached the friendly shadows cast by the forest monarchs.

On the borders of the wood Boone halted for a moment and looked back on the Indian village, that nestled so peacefully by the bank of the rolling Scioto, bathed in the soft moonlight.

"Who could guess that yonder village contained a thousand red-skinned thirsting for blood and slaughter?" exclaimed the old hunter, communing with himself: his gaze resting upon the quiet scene before him. The embers of the fires cast a crimson light on the wigwams and played in fantastic shadows along the plain.

"I'd better be moving," muttered Boone; "first for the hollow oak; there I'll probably meet Lark and Kenton. I'll bet a big drink of corn-juice that nary one on 'em has been as fur into the Injun village as I have. I reckon I'm not over anxious to risk it ag'in. How the red devils would have danced around me ef they'd only got the opportunity to roast me a little." And the old hunter chuckled at the thought. Yet even now he was far from being out of danger, but he thought not of it. In the forest, free, he thought himself a match for all the Shawnee nation.

With noiseless steps the hunter took his way through the wood.

Quickly, but carefully, he went onward. Not a stick cracked beneath his tread. A fox, intent on prey, could hardly have proceeded more noiselessly.

As the shadows of the forest deepened around the path of the woodman, he glanced nervously from side to side as if he expected that some hostile form would spring upon him from the darkness of the thicket; and yet, it was no red warrior that he expected to see, no brawny chief, decked with the war-paint and wearing the moccasins of the Shawnee. No, the form he expected was that of a huge gray wolf that walked erect like a man, and carried in his paw the tomahawk of the Indian.

A form more terrible than any feathered, finctured chief; more to be dreaded than any red-skin who claimed the Ohio valley as his own.

On went the hunter, still glaring about him in the darkness; but the terrible Wolf Demon sprung not from the covert of the wood. If he lurked about the pathway of the scout, he kept himself concealed within the fastness of the forest.

Boone reached the hollow oak without seeing aught to make him apprehend danger. The forest was as quiet as if no deed of blood had ever occurred within its bounds. As silent, as though the terrible form—the demon of the Indian and the phantom of the white—had never stricken unto death and sent to his long home, the stout-limbed Shawnee warrior.

"Hullo! that's no one about," Boone muttered, as he peered within the hollow of the oak.

"Boone!" cried a voice, low and cautiously from the thicket that fringed the little glade wherein stood the oak.

Then from the darkness, into the circle of light cast by the moonbeams, stepped Kenton.

"Top-knot all right, eh?" questioned Boone, clasping the hand of the other warmly within his own broad palm.

"Yes, but how long it will be all right is a riddle. The Injuns are 'round us, thick as bees 'round a honeycomb."

"Then you've seen the red heathen?"

"Yes, I scouted in right to the Injun village. But, as I lay in ambush, there was an awful row kicked up and I was afraid of being caught in a trap by the Injuns, so I just retreated to safer quarters."

"A row, eh?" said Boone, smiling.

"Yes, a 'arnal row; they just kicked up old scratch for a little while. I reckon it must have been a fight among the savages," Kenton replied.

"You're right, Simon; it was a fight, and in that fight I was captivated."

"Why, you don't say so?" said Kenton, in wonder.

"Gospel truth," replied Boone. "I scouted into the village, and camped down behind a log just as quiet as a mouse, and—would you believe it—a squaw and her lover came and squatted down right on to the very log, ahind which I lay! Then the Injun tried to kiss the gal, she wouldn't let him, and the end of it was that both on 'em tumbled over on me, ker-chunk. I had a lively tussle with the heathen, but the other red devils came up, and thar were too many of 'em for me, and the end

was that they took me into one of the wigwams bound hand and foot."

"But how did you manage to escape?" asked Kenton, in wonder.

"Well, now I'm going to tell you something that will make you open your eyes," said Boone, impressively, and with an air of great mystery. "Mind you, I wouldn't have believed this if I hadn't seen it. Ke-ne-ha-ha came to me in the wigwam and wanted me to become a white Injun. To gain time I asked till the morning to think over the matter. The chief consented and left me. Then, as I lay bound and helpless in the lodge, the fire burnt down so that I could hardly see, something cut a hole through the side of the wigwam and came in. I could just make out that it was a great black form, all muffled up in blankets. I knew that it was blankets, for a little while arter, I had a chance to feel 'em. Well, this thing was a good deal bigger than I am—and that ain't many men in the Ohio valley that out-top me. This dark form cut the things that bound my legs and arms, gave me a blanket, and I followed it from the wigwam. Outside of the lodge this thing, that saved me, either went down into the earth or up into the air, for it vanished just like smoke disappears."

Kenton listened with wonder to the strange tale.

"Then I sneaked along under the bank of the river, making my way to the cover of the wood," continued Boone, "till I came to the horse-path leading to the river, and thar in the path sat a cussed Shawnee. But, as the moon was under a cloud, I thought I'd try to sneak 'round him on the prairie above. Just as I got about half-way, the moon came out ag'in and I hugged the yearn mighty close, I tell yer. Then I see'd a dark object a-creepin' nigh to the Injun. A cloud came over the moon for a minute, so that I couldn't see; but I heard a groan, though, and the sound of a blow. When the moon came out ag'in, the dark form had disappeared and the Injun had been killed by a single tomahawk-dig in the skull, and on the breast of the chief, were three knife-slashes, making a Red Arrow."

"The Wolf Demon, by hookey!" cried Kenton, in astonishment.

"You're right; but what on yearth is the critter?" said Boone, solemnly.

"I reckon it's the devil," replied Kenton, with a sober face.

"Well, devil or not, it saved me from the hands of the Shawnees," said Boone. "The Injuns, meant to roast me in the morning. But if this thing is the devil, thar's some substance to it, 'cos I felt its arm, and it's as hairy as a bear-skin. Besides, it's got claws."

"Of course, it's the devil in the shape of a wolf."

"Yes, but why should he trouble himself to save me from the Shawnees?" asked Boone.

"Well, thar's whar you've got me," replied Kenton, scratching his head, reflectively.

"He's death on the Injuns, anyway," said Boone. "Why the feller he killed so easy would have given any man a hard tussle, ef he had half a chance."

"It's plain that he don't want white blood, 'cos he wouldn't have saved you."

"Yes, that's true. I don't wonder that the red-skins are afraid of him; why, it makes my blood fairly run cold when I think about it." And the sober look of the old scout told plainly that he spoke the truth.

"Have you seen Lark?" asked Kenton, suddenly.

"No; hain't he come back?"

"Not yet."

"Haven't you seen him since we parted here?"

"No; have you?"

"Nary time," Boone replied, laconically.

"Can he have been captivated by the Shawnees?"

"No, it is not likely," Boone replied.

"Ef he had been, I should have heard something of it. The Injuns would have been tickled to death to have been able to have told me that there was another white man to be burnt at my side for their amusement."

"Did you learn any thing about the attack?"

"Yes, all about it. The blow will fall on Point Pleasant first. Thar'll be such a blaze along the Ohio, that the smoke will almost hide the sun. Let's go into the hollow of the oak, wait for Lark, and while we are waiting, I'll tell you all about it." Then the two sought shelter within the hollow tree.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KE-NE-HA-HA AND THE MEDICINE-MAN.

THE great chief of the Shawnee nation, Ke-ne-ha-ha, "The-man-that-walks," was pacing slowly to and fro before the door of his wigwam, which was situated in the center of the village.

A cloud was upon the brow of the chief as he paced moodily up and down.

The moonbeams shone upon his stalwart form and glistened in sparkling rays of silvery light upon the blade of the keen-edged scalping-knife thrust so carelessly through the girdle that spanned his sinewy waist.

Care was on the brow and anxiety in the face of the Shawnee chieftain.

His thoughts were of the dreaded Wolf Demon—the terrible scourge that was

laying its heavy hand so cruelly upon the warriors of his tribe.

The Shawnee chief had the heart of a lion. No face had ever yet made him turn upon his heel. A thousand bullets had whistled in waked wrath around his head and he had faced the storm undauntedly. The glittering knife of the hostile foe had sought his heart, and even as the point tore his flesh, he had grimly smiled and stricken his enemy to the earth.

Ke-ne-ha-ha feared not mortal man, but now his foe was a fiend from the other world, and the stout-hearted Shawnee chief trembled when he thought of the terrible foe who struck so silently and yet so fearfully.

He would have given all the fame he had acquired on the war-path, all the honor that he had won in the council-chamber, to be put face to face with the demon of his race, so that he might discover who and what the terrible creature was.

At a little distance from the chief stood two of the principal warriors of the nation. One was called the Black Cloud, the other, Noc-at-ah.

"A cloud is on the brow of the chief," said Noc-at-ah, as he watched Ke-ne-ha-ha pacing to and fro, with all the restless, springy motion of the imprisoned tiger.

"Yes," replied the other, "Ke-ne-ha-ha has not smiled since the death of the Red Arrow. She was his eldest daughter, and the singing-bird that gladdened his wigwam with her song. The heart of the chief is sad—many moons have passed away, but he can not forget the child that he loved so well."

"Let the chief steep his memory in the blood of the accursed white-skins and then he will forget the wrong that they have done him."

"The chief speaks with a straight tongue," said Black Cloud, sagely. "When Ke-ne-ha-ha goes on the war-path he will forget. The sight of this blood and the smoke of their burning dwellings will clear the cloud of sorrow from his brain. Then he will laugh, for he can show the world how the great chief of the Shawnees wipes out the memory of his wrongs."

Ke-ne-ha-ha approaching the two warriors put a stop to their conversation.

"The white prisoner is securely guarded?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the Black Cloud, "three warriors guard the lodge of the pale-face."

For a moment Ke-ne-ha-ha was silent, apparently lost in thought; then suddenly he spoke again.

"The mind of the chief is not easy—there is a load upon it—as heavy as the house the turtle carries upon his back."

"What troubles the mind of the great chief of the Shawnee nation?" asked Noc-at-ah, respectfully.

"The chief can not tell—the shadows come upon his heart like the clouds over the moon, without warning, without reason. Ke-ne-ha-ha fears for the safety of the white prisoner; he would rather lose one of his ears than have the white foe escape. Let my warriors go with me. We will see the pale-face."

Ke-ne-ha-ha, followed by the two chiefs, sought the lodge where Boone was confined.

As the Indian had said, three braves guarded the door.

In answer to Ke-ne-ha-ha's question they replied that all had been still as death within the wigwam of the prisoner.

Feeling reassured, Ke-ne-ha-ha was about to return to his own wigwam, when a sudden fancy took possession of him to see the white captive and so personally assure himself of the safety of the prisoner.

Taking a brand from the smoldering fire, the chief entered the lodge. The other warriors remained outside.

Ke-ne-ha-ha's tall form had hardly disappeared within the hut, when a cry of surprise broke upon the Indians' startled ears. It came from the lodge and was uttered by the lips of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

Astonished, the Indians rushed into the lodge.

In the center of the wigwam stood the chief.

The lodge was dimly lighted by the burning brand that he carried in his hand. The prisoner had disappeared.

Great was the astonishment and anger of the Indians.

Soon they discovered the slit in the side of the lodge where the keen-edged knife had opened a passage to the air.

The savages were utterly astounded. Boone had been carefully and thoroughly searched; all his weapons taken from him, and yet it was plain that he had contrived to free himself from his bonds and cut his way out of the lodge.

A moment's examination, however, convinced Ke-ne-ha-ha that the bonds that had bound the hunter had been cut by some other hand than his own.

Then the Indians passed through the hole cut in the wigwam, and outside in the soft earth searched for traces of the prisoner's footsteps.

These they soon found.

The soft earth of the bank of the river was as yielding wax, and by the clear light of the moonbeams the Indians discovered the mark of two different footprints. The first they came to was evidently made by the broad moccasin of Boone; but the second was a puzzle. It was also the print of a moccasin, but the toes turned inward like the footprint of an Indian.

"The pale-face had some white-hearted

Indian lurking like a snake within the thicket, he has aided him to escape," said Ke-ne-ha-ha, in anger.

A cry of wonder from the Black Cloud attracted the attention of all.

The chief, a little ahead of the rest of the party, had been examining the bank of the river, which, there, from the level of the stream, was about as high as a man's waist.

The others hurried to the side of the Black Cloud, drawn thither by his exclamation.

With wondering eyes the chief was gazing upon some marks on the soft clay bank.

And when the eyes of the others looked upon the strange mark, they wondered, too.

On the soft clay was imprinted an animal's paw.

The impression was perfect; claws, all were there, and the keen-eyed chief Noc-at-ah picked out a short, gray hair that had remained stuck in the clay.

Ke-ne-ha-ha's brow grew dark when he looked upon the strange impression.

"It is the mark of a wolf's paw," said the Black Cloud, astonished.

"Yes, and here is one of the hairs of the beast. It is a gray wolf," observed Noc-at-ah.

"Let my warriors look further on, they may find more traces," said Ke-ne-ha-ha, gravely.

The warriors obeyed the instruction.

In the center of the horse-path, cold and dead, they found the Shawnee chief.

On the breast of the slain warrior blazed the fearful token, the Red Arrow.

Ke-ne-ha-ha then knew only too well who it was that had rescued the white hunter from his power and left the footprint of an Indian and the mark of a wolf's paw as traces behind him. The terrible Wolf Demon had again been in the midst of the Shawnee village. Again had his powerful arm struck the fearful blow that sealed the death of a red warrior.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

Sundered Hearts.

BY JULIA SOUTHERN.

THE orange and scarlet sunset was sending brilliant flames of brightness over the autumnal landscape, making even the brown November foliage gleam with a golden glory, as it fluttered down to the ground, or went eddying in a coquettish quadrille as the light night-air played its sad, sweet music among the tree-tops. Lewis Jayne was standing at the lane gate; his arms folded across his breast, and his hat slouched down over his forehead, just revealing the bright, thoughtful eyes that lighted up his grand, stern face.

He was not a good-looking young man, and his clothes were very unfashionable and common, but I think no prince of the blood royal would have worn his court costume more proudly and grandly.

Perhaps Ada Raymond thought that, as she glanced at him, just catching a glimpse of his quiet face.

"Well, then, Mr. Jayne, I guess I will go on to the hotel. We leave to-morrow, you know, and I'm so glad of it. The country is dreadfully gloomy and lonesome now."

She frowned at her own complaint, just to see what he would say.

"I suppose you think so, but when one has been accustomed to it all one's life, it is different."

If the proud, pretty girl had expected any sentiment, she was disappointed; then she looked at him again, wondering if it was an unpardonable sin for her, Ada Raymond, a rich New York heiress, to care so much for a poor, homely country farmer's son?

A faint little blush of mortification that it was so, surged to her cheeks, just as the young man looked at her again.

"Yes, I suppose you are lonely, now that Mr. Imbercourt has returned. I should be if I were you. He is a fine man."

A haughty little sneer curled her red lips.

"I hate the sound of his name—there! Mr. Jayne, please let go my hands!"

But Lewis was not to be denied; he stood grasping her wrists, looking down in her half-pleased, half-angry face, with his searching, joyous eyes.

"I am glad you hate Mr. Imbercourt, although I think you are vexed that you said so. Now I know you love me, even as I love you!"

She frowned.

"Then you don't care very much for me! Indeed, Mr. Jayne, I think you are very presuming."

He dropped her hands suddenly, a pale shadow quivering around his mouth for a minute.

"I have been mistaken, then, and for all you hate him so, I see Mr. Imbercourt is to be the one. Shall I bid you good-by? I hardly suppose you would be seen beside me as far as the hotel."

He glanced at his rough clothes.

"Good-by, Mr. Jayne. I am sorry for this. Are we friends?"

But he did not take her pretty white hands.

"It is too sudden—from a lover to a friend. No; I prefer we part as strangers. Good-night, Miss Raymond."

He lifted his hat with the grace of a thousand Mr. Imbercourts, and, for the life of her, Ada could not keep from watching him as he walked easily up the lane; his broad shoulders so strong, his head so intellectual in its outline, and his short black hair, cut as closely as the village barber had dared.

A little quiver of pain trembled on her lips, and a humidness came to her wistful brown eyes.

"If he only were not a poor country-man! Why has he destroyed all my future happiness? I love him; and yet I will not be his wife!"

There seemed a certain pride in her consciousness of pain. Then she walked rapidly on in the gray dusk, away from Lewis Jayne, and the first, best, only love of her life!

"I thank you, Mr. Imbercourt, but I must decline the honor you have tendered me. I have but one excuse—I do not love you."

Ada Raymond was very sweet, yet sadly firm in her womanly rejection of the lover who had tried to win her ever since the days, five years ago, when they had passed a summer at the same country village.

"It is hard, Ada! I have loved and hoped so long; is there no possibility of winning you, if I serve, as did Jacob, twenty years, for you?"

A little smile chased the gloom from her lips.

"I fear I am hardly worth an effort like that. I know but one person in the world who is worth it!"

She spoke softly, with a delicious scarlet blush on her cheeks.

Mr. Imbercourt looked inquiringly at her, a vague wondering on his face. Then he suddenly spoke, in a sharp, pained way, as if he had just comprehended.

"Oh! you mean him whom you love—whom you are waiting for?"

He did not wait longer, but went away, leaving Ada alone with the sweet echo in her ears.

Yes, she was waiting for him! waiting, sure he would come, whom she had always loved, whom she had rejected once, but whom her fond heart told her would seek her again one day, from amongst all women! She had struggled against her pride, after that farewell at the lane gate, five years before, and every time the sweet, sad autumn came round, she rejoiced that she had conquered it, and stood ready to tell her king when he should come.

She had never heard of Lewis Jayne since that bitter, sweet good-by; and now, thousands of miles away from that spot, where the sweet, soft-murmuring Arno was flowing past in blue beauty, she was just telling him who had followed her all these long miles, that she was waiting for another!

I think it might have been the time—it was just at the magic hour of a soft Italian sunset—that wrought so upon her feelings. The air was dim, with a refulgent, golden haze, and sweet smells and sweet sounds were abroad in the enchanted air.

Afar off, uprose picturesque ruins; nearing, gleamed the sunlight on the swift tide of waters; at her feet lay the marble pavement, where a fountain flashed and flirled with the air.

And then, in the midst of it all, she saw a gentleman pass by; a tall, elegant man, with the most stylish of airs, and polished grace of manner.

She sprang to the portico and called him, her face all luminous and welcoming.

"Lewis! I'm here—come in!"

Mr. Jayne glanced up; it was the first time he had heard his Christian name since he had left his home, two years ago, for a foreign tour of pleasure and instruction. He did not seem quite sure it meant him now.

"Lewis Jayne—see. I am in Italy, too. I knew you would find me!"

Then he raised his hat, very like the last time he had done it; and now, as then, she noted his splendid head.

"Miss Raymond! I am surprised; you are in good health? You will excuse me, please, for neglecting your friendly invitation, but I am in haste to catch the train for the return steamer. Miss Raymond—good-by!"

And he went on, leaving her to droop and droop, like a crushed flower.

In coming years, she never married; but, in the quiet routine of a lonely life, performed her part, while Lewis Jayne went on to his end, with never a look at a woman again.

His love had been killed at the lane gate that cruel November sunset, with the light of a coming dusk falling round him.

Oh, these wills—these prides of ours! that crush like Juggernaut-wheels so many blooming hope-blossoms; that, the fragrance once destroyed, never burst forth again to cheer our pastures.

And for Ada Raymond's pride, repentance came too late; while on three hearts lay the everlasting scar of its blow.

IN AGILE PENNE'S NEW ROMANCE,

commenced in the last number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, the lovers of Love and Heart Literature have an entertainment flowing with interest and excitement, and the admirers of stories shadowing the mysterious Dark Life of the Great City will be captivated indeed.

Saturday Journal

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38 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

GLAD OF IT!

A gentleman of some culture, who has written much for the papers and knows whereof he speaks, says:

"I am glad to find so much humor, wit and romance in the *Saturday Journal*, and such a variety in each issue. Your paper certainly is the MOST ORIGINAL AMERICAN WEEKLY."

Which appears to be the opinion of a great many other readers. We go upon the principle of supposing the reading public to have a great deal of good sense and acumen, and then serve up in our columns matter which people of sense will relish, of Fact and Fancy, of Wit and Wisdom.

Many of the professedly "popular" papers proceed upon the principle that the mass of readers are either "spoonies," or else have not sense enough to know a good thing when they see it. They are behind the times, that is all, and, sooner or later, will have to take pattern after the *SATURDAY JOURNAL*.

THE MODEL OF THE WEEKLIES.

Contributors and Correspondents.

Not available, A SLIGHT MISTAKE. No stamps. MS. destroyed.—DEAD SHOT AND HIS PETS, unavailable. No stamps, and therefore no reply to author's queries. And, by the way, let us suggest that a MS. page one-fourth the size of that submitted, and written on one side only, would come nearer the printer's requisition.—SHALL HAVE TO RETURN MSS.—JULIE'S JEALOUSY AND LADY OF THE MANOR.—BETHEA'S NECKLACE, is not available. Author says stamped envelope was inclosed. It was not inclosed.—Can not use MURDER AT LITTLE PUDLETON. No stamps.—ADA'S FLIRTATION we can not use. It is much too long for the story it tells. No stamp.—Can not use poem, BEACON BOY, or poem, OVER THE SEA. It gives promise, but is, in itself, quite infeasible. Let the author learn what poetry is before he attempts to write it. No stamps.—POEM, HEAVE AHEAD, very good in tone and well expressed. Will use it with slight metrical modifications.—No use for BOUND TO BE MARRIED. No stamps.—SHALL HAVE TO RETURN TRAPPER'S ADVENTURE, by L. B. A.

W. H. B. Can supply all back numbers of "Crucial Crises." The story of the shipwrecked boy has been very popular. Can make no use of PERILS OF SMUGGLING. No stamps.—MSS. ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS; THE FORGERY; WAS IT REVENGE? Not available. No stamps. In the Morgue.—Can not use HOW CLARA SATBROOK LOST HER LOVER.—STIPLED is too long.—Can use HORSE STRATEGY; THE GAMBLER'S FATE; HOW I WON THE POOL; THREE GOLD LINKS, and THE PAWNEE SACRIFICE.

The little essay, SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN, by E. C., is exquisitely conceived but imperfectly expressed—too much so to permit the MS. use.

CLARA D. T. asks if she shall use a certain hair-cleaner, for which one dollar per bottle is asked. We say no, as, in all probability, the wash is nothing but a weak solution of liquid soap, worth, perhaps, five cents. As a hair wash and restorer nothing is better than a solution of borax in water. It leaves the scalp in a most cleanly condition, and the hair just sufficiently stiffened to retain its place.

This stiffness, however, can be readily removed, if objectionable by washing with water. It is also an excellent dentifrice. Dissolved in water, it is one of the best of tooth-washes.

"An Ignorant Blockhead" asks: "What are the Alabama claims?" Why, claims against the British Government for all losses occasioned by the privateer *Alabama*, which was a British vessel, filled with British guns, manned by British citizens, coaled and repaired at British stations and floating the British flag, to lure prey to its batteries. "That's what's the matter," says Uncle Sam. "We can not tell the author who first discovered gold in California. It was first found on old Captain Sutter's rancho. In digging a 'race,' the first signs of the presence of the metal were given that started the 'fever.' Gold, however, was known to exist there, for the location of Spanish mines two centuries old were well known."

Foolscap Papers.

A Happy-rition.

"COURAGE" from time immemorial has been emblazoned upon the family panels of the Whitehorns, and I may safely say that their last descendant, who is not any one else but myself, has never disgraced the watchword.

It is not every one that knows that the phrase "Bravest of the brave," was first applied to me, but such is the case. Ghosts have been the least cause of alarm in me. Spirits, in or out of the flesh, never frightened me.

I was once at a play called Hamlet;

every thing was going on finely without anything to mar our pleasure, when, all at once, a ghost appeared upon the stage, threatening to turn the whole thing into disorder, scaring Hamlet so badly that I thought the play would have to stop and I should lose my fifty cents. But I alone, of all the rest, was not daunted; I rushed upon the stage; I gave it a small touch of the Whitehornian muscle between the eyes, and that ghost was carried out on a screen.

Some time ago it was rumored that a house in our ward was haunted. Persons who were acquainted with my bravery and daring, desired me to spend a night there and investigate the thing to the very bottom. As I was very busy I begged to be excused, but they wouldn't hear to it, so I felt necessarily compelled to acquiesce, although I would have preferred remaining at home for many reasons, but not because I was afraid. I went there alone at ten o'clock one night, and went to bed in the haunted room.

Not feeling very drowsy I didn't go to sleep, but lay there very quietly, thinking on the little sins I had committed in my lifetime, until twelve o'clock; but I was not in the least afraid, though twelve o'clock always was an uncomfortable hour to me when I was awake, whether I was looking for ghosts or not. The room was large and dark. All at once a light flashed up in the far end and went out again, but the only thing that worried me was that I hadn't kissed my wife at parting, and the remark she made, that she hoped I would get so intimately acquainted with ghosts that I would become one of them; but I wasn't afraid. The light was followed by chains rattling on the floor, but I lay there perfectly cool; in fact, so cool that I had to shiver a little, and had I been at home I should have doctored for the ague—but I wasn't frightened a bit.

Then the bedclothes began to slide off the bed as if some one was pulling at them, and by some means those covers got over my head so that I couldn't see who it was, but I wasn't scared at all. Then all was quiet for a while, and, by a good deal of hard work, I succeeded in getting one eye out from under the covers and saw an object in freshly whitewashed clothes, standing by my bedside, but I put on the old Whitehornian bravery and succeeded in getting my hair to stand up manfully, but I wasn't alarmed to any alarming extent.

Then a heavy hand was laid on my breast, that tried to beat it off, and I heard a voice through six thicknesses of bedclothes ask, "What dost thou here?"

Now, there are some people I like to converse with, and again there are some people with whom I do not care to be at all intimate. As this personage was one of the latter class I politely answered, "Nothing, if it please your worship." Then it bade me arise, but I always had an antipathy to early rising, so I maintained my horizontal position, keeping my head well under cover for fear I should catch cold in my tooth with which I am very careful. I was not afraid, but if I had had my revolver it would have been some company for me. I felt like grabbing the ghostly visitor by the throat and throttling it, but then I am particular not to injure people who have not injured me, so I laid as quietly as a smothering man could until it grabbed me by the arm and jerked me out on the floor, when I jumped under the bed for the purpose of getting all the advantage I could over it. Then it pulled the bed away and I ran for the door. You see I wanted to get out into the yard where I could be sure both of us could have fair play, but the door was locked and the ghost began to use a pair of boots of the mortal order rather playfully hard against me, and I came near getting mad in earnest. Then I run to the window, thinking I would make a better stand out on an adjoining roof, but the window was tight.

I then remembered how people had vanquished ghosts by quoting passages from Scripture, and I turned around and repeated the first three of the ten commandments, that being all I knew of them; but that wouldn't do. Then I made signs, and again he made me make tracks to the other end of the room.

Then the mysterious lights flashed again, and hideous noises began, when all at once it came into my mind that the best thing I could do, would be to faint and scare him to death, which I did without giving him any warning, and very effectively, too, for when I came to, in the morning, the ghost was gone, having been completely vanquished, and my friends were crowded around me to hear the particulars, and ask how I rested. Certain reports were whisperingly circulated derogatory to the ghost—that it wasn't a real one, but I can swear that it was more real than imaginary.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

MISS FORTUNE.—A disagreeable female who is always upsetting our castles, and taking delight seemingly to thwart our plans. This lady is a frequent visitor in many homes, and a most unwelcome guest. She gives poets many a chance for ideas for poems. Oftentimes laziness and shiftlessness bring this female to the hearthstone, but she should be turned out of doors as speedily as possible, and, once having sent her off, bar your castle against her. With firmness to do and willingness to carry out your plans, she may come to

you again, but without the Miss attached to her name.

JENNIE ROSITY.—A lady that sleeps a great deal during the year, but who makes up about Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year. Philanthropists are well acquainted with her, but she is never seen at the miser's house. If this lady were better known there would be a vast amount less of suffering, and many a weary load would be lightened, and many a heart would be warmer, nobler and better. Men and women of America, introduce the aforementioned lady to those less fortunate than yourselves, and do not be accused of a lack of generosity!

ANN TIGUTY.—Another female, who is ever brought before us if we give a word of advice, or praise a bonnet that has been pronounced "old fashioned." It is a shame for young people to spurn the kindly meant words of older heads and accuse them of being "antiquated" in their notions. Ann Tiguty did not believe in divorces, bless her gray hair and spectacles! She never thought it proper for men's wives to wear more clothes on their bodies than their husbands could pay for. The dear old soul thought it no sin to be stout, to wear thick shoes, and did not wear a few artificial roses with the insane idea that she was getting warmth from them. Ann Tiguty went in for health and comfort, and not for show and sickness. What is the result? Simply this: while the young people are dying off daily of thin shoes, late hours and indigestible suppers, Ann Tiguty still lives and is as hearty as she was fifteen years ago.

WILL FULLNESS.—A boy who causes a great deal of worry in the household, for he seems bound to have his own way in spite of his parents. Stubbornness is one of his characteristics, and if he can not have things just as he wishes to, he will stamp and kick until he has his own desires complied with. This boy is too often petted and caressed when he is a more fit candidate for a cowhiding. This fellow very often finds a place in some house of reformation in the end.

BEN EVOLENCE.—Husband to Jennie Rosity, and a better couple never were married. He is not afraid to go into the dark alleys of the great cities and pluck the hands of vice from the hotbeds of wickedness. He takes the fallen by the hand, and lifts them up, but does not leave them there; he finds them honorable places to work in, and clears the dark clouds from their horizon. He is a man, in every sense of the word, and one in whom you may put your full trust. George Peabody was well acquainted with this man, but that nabob—well, never mind who—don't seem to know him.

SM PLICITY.—This verdant young gentleman puts a firm trust in all advertisements, and invests his money in lotteries and gift enterprises, and when he finds that all of his small change has vanished, wonders why he don't get some return from his investments. He is a fish easily caught; you've but to bait your line with a lottery ticket, and you are sure of him. Set him free and he'll bite again.

BILL OF DIVORCE.—In Chicago was this younger born Of parents low and ill; Of vice and crime, the worst of spawn Was this Divorcing Bill. Oh! crush him out, this hideous foe, And send him to his home—below.

EVE LAWLESS.

A WORD WITH YOU, GIRLS.

A morning journal says: "It is stated that in the town of Bloomington, Ind., there are sixty-seven young women ready to be married, and only three marriageable young men, being an average of twenty-two sweethearts, and one-third of a sweetheart to each bachelor. He must, indeed, be difficult to please, who, from such a beautiful assortment, could not pick and choose."

And he is a wise young man who will turn aside from the city butterfies and traveling milliner-shops to woo and win one of these Indiana damsels. The women of the city, with all their extravagant tastes and love of display, are not the proper companions for young men struggling for a livelihood. Piano-thumping and crochet-work are all well enough in the girls who don't want to work for a living, but the woman who wants to marry a man and his money must know what work is and let the man see that she is qualified to become a wife and mother. The crying evil of today is the growing unfairness of American city bred women for a wife's true responsibilities. Our young men almost en masse are shrinking more and more from marriage because they dare not wed until they can afford to spend five thousand dollars a year on "household expenses."

As a consequence public morals are not improving, and the number of dependent females is increasing with fearful rapidity. If the women shrieking for "rights" and "suffrage," and every thing but true womanhood and home development, could see, what every man of sense sees—a fast-growing indifference on the part of the men to marriage, they might, possibly, pause in their crusade for power long enough to reconstruct the social edifice which, it is evident to the observing, is rapidly going to ruin.

Girls of the country, to the rescue! Seek first of all things, to become good wives, and all other blessings will follow in God's good time. The hope is in you. Free from the temptations and pernicious influences of the city, you can grow up true

women, and more and more will the young men who want helpmates and bosom companions fly to your circles for their choice. Listen to harangues for the "Woman Movement," and then go and learn some new duty or art which will make a humble home sunny and strong and beneficent!

TRIFLES.

WHEN you see a strapping big fellow over-anxious to go to a woman's school, you may take down your best beaver and chalk on the crown of it. "The skulking marm is pooly—I'll bet this beaver!"

When you see a young gentleman adorning himself before a looking-glass, and wearing boots a size too small for him, and otherwise disfiguring himself you may come to my house and breakfast on baked beans, if he isn't in love—with himself!

When you hear of a minister whose leaves his flock for the sake of a little more salary, and gives as an excuse that he "has had a call to labor in a wider field," you may reckon that, when the Angel Gabriel sounds the note on a silver trumpet, that minister won't feel inclined to answer it until the said angel "gives him a call" from a golden one.

When your wife comes to you with tears in her eyes, and solemnly declares that she "hasn't a rag to her back," don't shut your eyes, but open your pocket-book and hand her out a hundred-dollar green-back, and peace will be your lot until your wife again appears without another rag to her back; in such a case, repeat the dose.

When a fellow wants to have his hair parted in the middle precisely, so that one hair won't cross another, bear with him patiently; it will help him to get an equal balance to his brain.

When you are about to send a ten-dollar bill to some gift enterprise, take a fond look at it; think how much good it is going to do—the scamp you send it to; cherish its memory, for it is its "farewell benefit, and positively last appearance."

When you meet a man (?) whose hair is perfumed enough to make a scavenger hold his hand to his nose, you may send me a pint of roasted chestnuts if there isn't more scents to his hair than sense in his head.

When you hear an inebriate saying he "is as dry as a fish," and then rush into a lager beer saloon; don't suggest that it would be better for him to quench his thirst in the way fishes do, for that would be offensive, and make him your enemy.

When you see a young girl sitting in the parlor, and making a love of a poodle dog, while her mother is making the beds up-stairs, you may know some puppy will be her future husband, and I'll bet a cent you won't find me courting that girl.

When the grave-maker won't take any pay for digging a grave, and says "it was a pleasure to bury him," you can bet a dime the chances are slim of the corpse's getting into heaven.

When a person says to me—"I hope you are a Christian," and then tries to sell me some Erie deferred bonds, I hope I'm not, if that constitutes Christianity.

When I hear young sprouts talking of the "old man," I am at a loss to know whether they refer to their own father or their nearer relative, the devil.

When a man discovers some herb to cure the toothache, and tacks on an M. D. to his name, I am inclined to think those initials stand for Much Dishonesty.

When a quack doctor announces that he has compounded a medicine that will kill every pain, it looks as if he ought to add, "and the patient beside."

When you've been sitting up with a girl, and she remarks on the beauty of your hat, that is the time to put it on, and streak it for home.

And when a person tells you he doesn't take the *SATURDAY JOURNAL*, just take out your jack-knife, and cut his acquaintance, for you'll find him a being unfit to live, and unworthy of mixing in the best society.

Yours (when I'm home),

SMITHS, THE SHOWMAN.

THE NEW SERIAL!

In No. 44 of the *SATURDAY JOURNAL* will be commenced

THE COLLEGE RIVALS;

The Belle of Providence.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER, author of "MASKED MINER," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC.

While giving us more glimpses of College Life, in which "Freshmen" and "Seniors" are limned in clear-cut characters, the author throws an intense interest around two of the students whose fate becomes involved in the meshes of a beautiful woman's love. The proud, truly noble Kentuckian, a Senior, in his love for a young Freshman is a splendid character, and he plays a splendid part in working out the fate of his young, chivalric friend; while in the Belle we have a woman of a true type—a belle, but not a hollow-hearted puppet of society—one who exalts her sex by her ability to rise superior to circumstances and "custom."

The author evidently has written this novel with a love for his work, hence it is full of the vigor and feeling for which he is noted. Readers will greatly enjoy it, we are sure, and will rate it another star in our galaxy of good things.

MY LOVE.

BY ST. JOHN.

She wore no jewels gaudy,
Or dresses needless fine,
And artfulness she knew not,
This little maid of mine;
But she was clothed in riches,
And she wore gems more rare
Than ever Indian islands
Or Persian countries bear.

She left me as the twilight
Fast deepened into dark,
I watched her with my eyes,
And I listened with my heart;
And I envied old Erebos
With his all-embracing arms,
What I might not I protect her
And keep her from all harms!

Ah! that little maid, I loved her!
What was she to my sight?
She might be tree or pillar
In the fast ingrowing night;
But now what was she, think you?
To my mind, my life, my soul!
Oh, the grandest light of language
Could not her worth extol!

Why, the wealth of largest diamonds
Were nothing to her eyes,
And the jewel of her true heart
No earthly money buys;
And the mantle of her innocence
Was richer and more pure
Than ever mantle bought with gold,
Or high-born lady wore!

But she left me in the darkness—
And I traced her graceful form
Through the dimness of the twilight,
Like a minor strain in song—
And the knowledge rushed upon me,
How dear, how dear to me,
Was that little, dusky figure,
That I could scarcely see!

Oh, she held my heart in keeping,
Oh, she ruled its every beat,
(As a queen might rule her subjects
When they know the bondage sweet);
And I loved her; God! I loved her
So powerfully and clear,
That the years of all my past life
Seemed desolate and drear!

The Imprisoned Bride.

A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A SET of wedding-cards, tied together with narrow, snow-white ribbon, and inclosed in a huge, monogrammed envelope. Certainly nothing very frightful to behold, and yet one would think them endowed with all the horrid power of the Medusa, to see the stormy, enraged expression in Carlisle Western's eyes, as he held them; the envelope in one hand, addressed to himself in a bold, graceful hand; the cards in the other, with a fierce, angry grip.

This is what the wedding-cards told him: That Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greenow would receive their friends on Christmas, at eight in the evening; the occasion being the marriage of their daughter June with Lawrence Maxwell.

The young man looked at them, over and over again, and then, suddenly tearing them in pieces, flung them on the floor.

"To think they have the audacity to send me their wedding-cards! I, of all men, who a six months ago called her my betrothed bride! May woe betide the usurper who took her from me!"

Carlisle Western was pacing the floor of his bachelor's den, with the fragments of the pure white messenger, that had come to him, lying around him, his countenance showing the mingled pain, anger, and revenge he was experiencing, when a knock on his door, followed by the entrance of the intruder, partly dissipated his thoughts.

It was a man who had come in—a man whom few people would have wanted for an intimate friend, judging by the sinister face, crafty eyes, and noiseless step.

But a sudden light leaped to Western's eyes, as he noted who was his guest. He extended his hand with an eagerness that seemed almost cordial.

"I am so glad to see you, Wynne! Never could you have happened in so opportunely."

Wynne smiled at the remark.

"Don't call it happening, Mr. Western. Call it promptness on my part for coming at the very moment I knew you wanted me."

As he spoke he stooped and picked up a piece of a card; then his eyes met Carlisle's, with an expression that made even the young man redden with an ill-concealed mortification.

"It cannot be possible that you know *why* I am pleased to see you?"

He spoke as if expecting a demurring answer.

"It is possible. You have received Miss Greenow's wedding-cards; you are very naturally hurt, wrathful, and disposed to feel a little—just a little, you know—like breaking a vital of your just anger on young Maxwell's head. Eh?"

Wynne looked steadily at the young man, with eyes that said, plainly as eyes could say, that he knew there was no denying the truth of his assertion.

A guilty flush mantled Carlisle Western's face, then he essayed to laugh; but as he saw "You must be a very demon, Wynne, I never have lisped such a thought."

"Nevertheless, you have thought such a thought. The long and the short of it is this: I saw the messenger leave them," he pointed to the *debris* on the floor. "I knew what your feelings naturally would be; you know you have admitted that you were glad I happened in—why should you be, unless you were assured I could somehow assist you?"

"Mr. Western, I will assist you."

He spoke in a low, cautious tone of voice, but every syllable fell on Carlisle's ear with distinctness, as he stood there; a fierce rage burning in his heart, a keen desire to accomplish—he hardly knew what.

"Yes, Mr. Western; I am in need of a hundred dollars; badly in need of it. Give me that sum, and I'll guarantee to give June Greenow to you on Christmas-day for your own."

An incredulous, sarcastic smile played on Western's lip.

"That is impossible, Wynne, you know. The money is no consideration, but you know you never could keep your word."

"Just as you please, of course. But I'll swear to lead you into Miss Greenow's presence on the night those cards announce, to claim her for your own."

The lurid light in Western's eyes deepened and darkened. To gain June Greenow, whom he had, and still, worshiped madly, by either fair means or foul, he would readily consent; forgetting that she had dismissed him because of his furious temper, which had caused her to cease caring for him forever.

He only thought of the happiness of possessing her, the deliciousness of revenging Lawrence Maxwell, who enjoyed so greatly his triumph over Carlisle.

So he undid his wallet, and handed fifty dollars to Wynne.

"You shall have the rest on Christmas night, two weeks from to-day."

And while they are arranging their plans, we will leave them for better, purer society. And there were none purer, better, than June Greenow, as, in the deepening gloom of that December twilight, she sat alone, thinking of the days that were coming, and the burden of joy with which each passing hour was freighted.

She was very pretty, with a sweet grace about her that was indescribable, yet charmed whoever came in contact with her. A joyous, light-hearted girl, whose life had known few clouds.

She had loved Carlisle Western once, in those days when she and Lawrence Maxwell were only dear old friends; but now, as she twirled her engagement-ring on her finger, she could honestly say she loved no one but her betrothed husband. True, a pang of pity had shot through her heart when she had realized what grief her wedding-cards would cause Carlisle Western; but of his cherishing revenge against her, she never dreamed.

So she sat there, in the gathering darkness, very happy, very thoughtful, waiting for business to be lit.

Very shortly came a note to her, carried by the servant who lit the gas.

It was very simple; it spelled, and earnest.

It begged her to go to a certain poor family to whom her mother had often dispensed charity, stating that there was illness and want that her benevolence might alleviate.

She was not surprised, and read the note with a look of pity in the sweet eyes; and resolved to go that evening, when Lawrence should come to escort her.

Very proudly Mr. Maxwell looked at her, as they started on their errand of charity, and the world to them both seemed so full of hope and joy; so they went on, little dreaming to what these first steps were leading.

Their call was soon made, and the family relieved for the present; and, promising to come again soon, they returned home.

A few evenings after came another urgent summons; until almost every night found June, with either her lover or a servant for escort, at the miserable rooms of the poverty-stricken family.

It was the evening before her wedding-day, and she determined to make a parting visit to her proteges—sort of self-forced proteges, who must confess at their usual request.

A basket, filled with dainties, was carried by her maid, and just after the dusk of evening had fallen, while yet there was time for their going and returning before Lawrence should come, June and Amy set out on the mission of kindness.

"Hasten back, my dear; you will want to arrange your toilette, you know."

Mrs. Greenow watched them from the window, thinking to herself how proud and happy Lawrence Maxwell ought to be.

The cuckoo-clock had sung seven, and eight; the lover had been waiting a full half-hour, and still no signs of the girls' return.

Then, when surprise had given place to apprehensive fear, Amy came flying into the parlor, terrified and horror-stricken.

"Ain't she come? I've been waiting and watching at the front door, where she bade me wait, this hour near; and then I went up the stairs to tell her it was growing late; and they said she'd gone long ago, long ago!"

Maxwell turned pale as death; while Mrs. Greenow caught the girl's arm in the sudden shock of her fearful agitation.

"Amy, you will swear this is true? Take us straight to Mrs. Smythe's house! Lawrence, there must be a blunder somewhere; I think she has thoughtlessly gone to Lillian Vibbard's, her bridesmaid, you know."

And yet there was a terrified look in the mother's eyes.

Indeed, she's gone out of that house by the back way, then, for she never passed me at the street-door."

And so they started off, half afraid, half assured that harm had befallen her.

A large, almost spacious room, whose stone walls, rough and jagged, presented a strange contrast to the elegant Turkey carpet on the floor; the crimson satin flutings, that but half essayed at hiding the gloomy ceiling; the massive chandelier, cunningly suspended by a silver chain, in whose sconces burned snowy-white wax candles.

A round table, covered by a golden-fringed cloth, bore a set of silver, and the untouched meal of choicest viands.

And in the midst of all this wild, gloomy splendor, half dazed, stood June Greenow, her hands clasped in utter despair.

How it all had happened, she had a slight recollection of; the bidding good-by to the little Smythes, and descending to the hall; the sudden deathly giddiness that had overpowered her; the fainting in somebody's arms; and then to find herself in this strange, weird place.

At first she had been stupefied with fright and amazement; then, as the effects of the chloroform wore off, she began to wonder at it; then to inquire into it.

But all her racking questions brought not the first breath of suspicion; and she grew crazed at the utter mystery that was closed about her.

But it was not for long; it seemed not more than an hour before she heard some one enter; and, with a low cry of horror, she shrank from the intruder, Carlisle Western!

He advanced toward her, his eager eyes reading her blanched face with an expression that betrayed his guilty complicity the moment she saw him.

"June, it is I who have done this; for love's sake, June, you are not going to hate me!"

He laid his hand on her shoulder, and felt her form tremble and shrink at his touch.

"Mr. Western, how could you? Why are you my enemy? what cause?"

"Cause?" he repeated, scornfully. "Is it not enough that he has dared rob me of you? not enough that I love you so well

that I can not see you married to another? June, be merciful to me, and tell me it can be with us as it once was."

His passionate eyes were fixed on hers, that held in their blue depths a mingled fear and courage.

"Mr. Western, you ought not to ask that question. You know why we parted, and that now I care for Lawrence Maxwell, only."

"That may be; and yet I swear that you shall never be his wife. This cellar—for cellar it is, June, in the very house where you have been dispensing your charity to the people hired by me to send for you so often—I say, this vault, as I have furnished, shall be your home and mine, mark you, June Greenow, to the latest day of your life, unless you consent to be my wife. I have planned and plotted and toiled for this hour; and I find it very sweet, well worth the pains."

June drew herself up.

"Carlisle Western, if, as you think, I am in your power, I can mend matters by consenting to your proposals; but I wish you distinctly to understand, that sooner than yield to the demands you make to become your wife, I would kill myself, somehow."

"Somehow" is not very definite, June, and I hardly think you value your life so lightly. But, hear you: here you will stay; and I've little doubt but that time will assist you to change your mind. You are comfortable, I think; so I have no qualms of conscience about leaving you, to take a walk up the street. If I chance to meet Mr. Maxwell, or Mrs. Greenow, have you any message?"

The tears sprang to her eyes, and she reached forth both her hands to him.

"Oh, Carlisle, Carlisle, let me go, and I will bless you forever! Remember that tomorrow is my wedding-day!"

"And Lawrence Maxwell's, when it ought to have been mine. Yes, I can remember that."

A gloomy light shone in his stormy black eyes.

"On second thoughts, I might as well remain here; June, I hope you will entertain me?"

He removed his overcoat, drew a chair up to the table, and poured out a glass of wine.

"This is to your health and happiness, my beautiful darling!"

Then, when he had drank it, with his cheeks flushed, and his eyes red with the glow it gave them, he walked suddenly over to her, as she sat on the sofa.

do nothing to prevent that, and, as she realized this she stamped again in impotent rage.

But she would do all the injury which yet lay in her power. If Duncan expected to come back, and impose on these Bowens, attain their property and live at his ease as Ward Tunnecliffe, he should be disappointed in that. Although the confession of the plot existing between them would be to her own detriment, it should at once be exposed; these people should be placed on their guard. And she would some time have the satisfaction of facing Duncan's wife, and showing her how she had been fooled.

She heard the door-bell ring and the servant admit the master of the house. It must be near the dinner-hour. Mrs. Bowen was out, and might not return until late, as she was going to dine with some friends, and with them visit the opera. Her husband had declined the invitation, as he had some business in his library, at home, that evening.

Antoinette smoothed her hair and changed her dress; then waited, about as patiently as a caged panther, roaming back and forth across her little room, until assured by certain sounds, that dinner was over, and Mr. Bowen gone to his library. She was not at all hungry, and she wished to gain his ear before he became absorbed in other affairs; so she picked up the trampled letter, descended, and rapped at the library-door.

The man of business was surprised when his wife's maid came in, with excited face, and a letter in her hand. He supposed it some of her private matters about which she wished to ask advice, and, though busy, was disposed to make himself amiable, and meet her requirements. He was seldom cross to a pretty woman, and he now laid aside a bundle of documents, and looked at her pleasantly.

"What is it, Nettie? A letter from home? No bad news, I hope?"

"It concerns you as much as me, Meester Bowen, so I will be obliged to trouble you to read it."

She reached him the letter, and he read it through with one or two exclamations of surprise. When he had finished, he laid it down before him with an annoyed air.

"It seems there is never to be an end of this business. Poor Ward cannot be allowed to sleep quietly in his watery grave. Somebody is forever seeing his ghost, poking about somewhere. What with Maud Arnold's mad fancy, and this man's impudence, we are likely to have a mess of it. I suppose it is this fellow, then, whom poor Maud has seen from the beginning, and mis-

Maud Arnold's Trial:

THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR.
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "YOUR RIGHT,"
AND "WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED.)

Or all suffering, keenest and most pitiable is that caused by jealousy. There is nothing to mitigate the pain. One may find comfort even in sorrow for lost love, but in jealousy there is no consoling balm. This girl, who had once made another suffer, now shrunk from the sharpness of the serpent's tooth. Once, she had gone to that good and beautiful Miss Arnold with a story which she knew would poison the springs of her life. By some curious fatality this same woman now caused her to writhe under similar torture. She had robbed her of her faith in the man to whom she was betrothed; now, the man whom Antoinette had chosen as the object of her passionate devotion despised her, and was making himself dear to Miss Arnold. She scarcely thought of the retribution, or its justice. She lay crushed beneath the ruin of the fairy structure she had built. Alone, deserted, in a false position, with Duncan at the feet of Miss Arnold! She was afraid he might succeed. To her bitterness was added the fear that herself had placed the temptation before him. She had urged him to a crime, and he, once started on this new road, did not intend to hold back at the spot she pointed out. He had broken from her, and gone on, with the mighty will of a strong man.

Yes, there is one mitigation to the pangs of jealousy; a mitigation possible only to the bad; but poor Antoinette was bad—she was cursed with an impulsive nature which had never had the benefit of right training—and she gave way to bad impulses quite as easily as to good. There was revenge! Such revenge as was possible to her, she would have. But how to effect anything in time, was the question. It was clearly impossible that she could reach Paris before matters had righted themselves there. Either Randolph would have exposed the imposture, or Duncan would have succeeded in obtaining Miss Arnold's hand in the false character which he had assumed. She could

taken for Ward. Of course, if she had been in possession of her right senses, she could never have made such a mistake. I think her brain has been affected, since that first attack of fever," then, after a pause, with a suspicious look at his visitor, who stood before his table quite self-possessed, because so thoroughly aroused, he asked:

"Who is this R. R.?"

"Mr. Reginald Randolph. You know ze gentleman. You are aware zat he was a suitor for Miss Arnold's hand—and for mine."

"Yes, yes, I've heard Mrs. Bowen say a good deal about it. I knew he was rather fast, but I didn't think him so unprincipled. Why, he belongs to the real F. F. V.'s. I thought him a gentleman."

"Quite as much so as ze most. He ought not to be severe upon this Duncan, for he passed himself off upon you rich people as his wealthy cousin instead of his bankrupt self."

"How came you to know so much of him?" with another suspicious glance, asked Bowen.

"Oh, I am his fortieth cousin, Meester Bowen. He has French blood in him, you know. Our families were related. But mine had ze misfortune to grow poor," with a shrug. "But, when he came to Paris, we chanced to meet. I was a little girl then. When my father died, I made my way to Baltimore, but my relatives were not pleased with zeir poor cousin. They got me situated in New York, as music-teacher. When Reginald came to this city, I found me out, and we were very good friends."

"Indeed?" Mr. Bowen had scarcely heard the explanation; he was thinking of the letter which he had received three weeks before; he spoke his thought aloud, unconsciously.

"Perhaps, after all, Ward is really alive. Either that, or else it is all one piece of plotting. I got a note a short time ago, warning me that my brother would soon reappear."

"I know it, Mr. Bowen. I can tell you just what was in that note, for I wrote it myself."

"You?"

"I wrote it," she repeated, defiantly, "and I am going to tell you just how bad I have been. You see, in that letter, Randolph accuses me of being in love with this Duncan. I was in love with him. He had great power over me, and when he proposed to me to come to this house to find out all I could about the true Tunnecliffe, zat he

might imitate him, you call it, I did consent to come for ze sole purpose. He know zat Mrs. Bowen had much property zat was her brother's, and he wanted zat, you see! We should be rich, great people! I was persuaded when I knew it was all wrong. But I did not think he would serve me so, else I would see him dead first!"—her black eyes blazed, so as almost to scorch Mr. Bowen.

"It was very wrong of you," he said, gravely.

"Oh, I know zat. We are all poor sinners, Mr. Bowen. You was not vere particular when you made your grand failure, and poor Antoinette, she thought it would be fine to be great lady. Besides, I loved zat bigascal—but I hate him now!"

The sleek stock-broker, albeit nettled at her impertinent reference to his peccadilloes, could not but laugh at the angry girl brought her foot down with a stamp, like a passionate child, to emphasize her assertion.

"So you wrote to me, to pave the way for further deception?" he remarked.

"Yes; we had our plans well laid. I think we should have succeeded. But he has gone over to Miss Arnold, and I care not."

He referred again to the letter, reading it through less hastily than at first. When he came to a certain paragraph, wherein Randolph referred to the dressing-case, a peculiar expression came over his face, which Antoinette could not interpret. It was as if a sudden light had broken upon him, revealing something unpleasant. He flung himself in his cushioned chair, and stared at the wall. He was interrupted in his reflections by his visitor.

"I will bid you good-night, Meester Bowen. I will go, directly, and pack my little trunk. I will leave here this evening. I care not to meet madam again. She is a good little lady, and I regret my duplicity wize her."

"Where will you go, Nettie?"

"To my old boarding-place, for the present. I will get back my pupils and teach music again. I am well-punished for making a lady's-maid of myself, and telling so much falsehood. I could kill him, if I had him here, ze villain."

"Not so bad as zat, Nettie. Perhaps, if he don't get Miss Arnold, he'll come back to you yet."

"I will not have ze traitor."

"But what I was going to say is this. Do not leave here to-night; and do not say anything about this matter to Mrs. Bowen. Regular way. I do not wish her to be frightened or shocked; she is too delicate to bear

such excitement. I will write to the Arnolds by the next mail, to keep me posted, and use my judgment about how much or how little I make known to Mrs. Bowen. It is the least you can do to repair the injury you have intended, to remain a few days longer at my request."

"Perhaps you mean to have me arrested," suggested the suspicious girl.

"And if I did, I could arrest you at your boarding-place as easily as here. No, Nettie, I will deal more honestly by you than you have done by us. I have no object in making this request, except to save Mrs. Bowen from excitement and distress. Since your attempted fraud has failed, I shall not seek to punish you for it. Will you remain?"

"Willingly, if it will save madam any trouble. She is like a child, so simple and so pretty. I like her much; but zat Duncan!"

"There, there! Go to your room, Nettie, and compose yourself. There's no great harm done thus far. I have work to do this evening, and must set about it."

He waved his hand with his usual graceful suavity, and she retired from the room. But, when she had disappeared, something very like a frown gathered on his brow, which grew blacker the longer he reflected. There was something which gave him more uneasiness than he confessed.

"I ought to have been by the next ship. Yet, if I should be mistaken, I would have my trip for nothing, and it is inconvenient for me to leave my business, with no partner to take my place. Mrs. Bowen would insist upon accompanying me, too; she has hinted at Paris several times of late. The better way will be to write. It will keep me longer in suspense, but a letter must answer."

He at once drew writing materials toward him, and, with some care, composed the epistle and sealed it ready for the mail. When Mrs. Bowen came in from the opera, celestial in blue and white, with water-lilies in her shining hair, her husband met her with a compliment; he had cleared his brow, and "Richard was himself again."

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

It was the morning after that little side-scene at the French theater which had not been set down in the play, and which concerned so few of the spectators. Before the hour of a fashionable breakfast, Reginald Randolph was sauntering up and down the pavement in front of the Hotel de Tours. He had already discovered it to be the stopping-place of David Duncan. At about nine o'clock that person came forth, and, apparently unaware of the spy upon his movements, walked rapidly away in a direction leading toward the boulevard at No. 20 of which were domiciled the Arnolds. Randolph followed him, at first keeping some distance behind; but, as they approached their destination, he hurried forward, so as to place his foot in the open hall-way at the same instant with the other, who halted and looked him in the face, instead of addressing the concierge. For a moment the two men confronted each other, Randolph's eyes glowing with hate and triumph, while the glance of Duncan was cool and contemptuous. Then the former turned quickly, asking to be directed to the apartments of Mr. Arnold. To make this important visit in the company of another, and that person his enemy, did not suit Duncan's purpose; as Randolph ascended the staircase, he turned away without even leaving a message with the attending servant.

In doing this he made a mistake, giving his rival the opportunity he most desired of appealing first to Mr. Arnold.

The family were at breakfast in the pleasant parlor when Marie brought in Mr. Randolph's card. Maud, after a restless night, had arisen and dressed with a mind comparatively quiet. Fully expecting a visit from Ward, she wore her prettiest white morning-robe, with a rose in her hair and fairer ones in her cheeks. Now, as she sat at table, sipping the strong *café au lait* in the hope that the stimulus would quiet the fluttering of her pulse, her ear was strained to catch every sound in the halls or on the street. When Marie came in with the card, her face grew as white as her dress. Who else would call thus early? Who but Ward?

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"Mr. Randolph," said her husband.

Maud caught her breath, and the color came back to her face along with a look very much like anger. "Why did he remain away and that detestable person come?"

"He only asked for Mr. Arnold," said Marie; "he did not inquire for the ladies. He said he would like a few moments' interview on important business."

"Very well. I am at leisure. If the ladies have finished their breakfast, you may show him in here."

Mrs. Arnold rose to retire, with Maud, who paused before leaving the room. She knew, very well, what the important business was, and she feared the effect of the communication upon the prejudices of her father.

"Wait a moment, Marie, before you show Mr. Randolph in. Father, I know his business. He wishes to persuade you that white is black, that Mr. Tunnecliffe is not himself, but an impostor, using his name. Father, I know better. I saw Ward before we left New York. He came to me and told me all, promising to follow us here by the next steamer, to see you and explain all. He is now in the city; I saw his name (an assumed one) among the arrivals yesterday. He will visit us to-day—I know he will!—and your own senses shall convince you. All I ask is, that you will not allow Mr. Randolph to prejudice you, so as to cause you to refuse to see Ward. He is a bad man, you know, quite unworthy of your friendship. I tell you Ward is alive and loves me still."

She observed a glance of intelligence pass between her parents when she mentioned that Mr. Tunnecliffe was in the city and that she expected a visit from him that day. Instead of treating her statement lightly, as had been their wont, they listened attentively. Mr. Arnold forgot that an impatient visitor was walking up and down the hall, wondering why he was kept so long waiting.

"Maud, I must confess that I yesterday met a person, who if he was not Mr. Tunnecliffe was enough like him to be his double. I think it was he. But I am not absolutely certain. We have all heard of these remarkable resemblances, and there is much reason to fear that you have been imposed upon. If Ward was alive, and in New York, pray why did he approach you secretly, why hide from me, why act in any



THE IMPRISONED BRIDE.

manner, as he has acted. We used to esteem him a most honorable young man, and this conduct does not seem native to him."

"I can not explain it, father. I only believe that he will make his own excuses, and that before many hours. I hope so, for I am tired of the position in which I am placed. It is not pleasant to be treated like a mad woman."

A flush mounted to her father's face. "It will take something effective in the way of excuses to make me forgive such a hide-and-seek game as this, if he has really played it. I quite agree with you that this folly has been sufficiently prolonged; to-day it must end. I will find Tunnecliffe or his double, and quickly bring out the truth. If it is Ward, he must at once resume his proper relations to society; if it is not he, you shall be confronted with the impostor and convinced, of your mistake. But we are keeping Mr. Randolph in the corridor all this time."

As the ladies passed out at one door the Southerner entered at the other.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Arnold," he said, with his usual deep bow, "for this early call. I desired to steal a march upon another visitor, and I was not a moment too early, for he was upon the steps when I arrived. It is said that guilt is always cowardly. I leave you to judge if it looked well that he should run away when he saw me (who came purposely to confront him), instead of attempting to carry out the role which he has had the assurance to assume."

"I must know of whom and what you are speaking before I give my opinion. Be seated, Mr. Randolph," said Mr. Arnold, somewhat coldly.

"I am impulsive, as usual," and the young gentleman smiled, as he seated himself comfortably on a sofa. "I forgot to state my case before I asked your opinion upon it. The fact is, sir, that the story I have to tell is a singular one; but, since it can be corroborated by numerous witnesses, I need not be afraid of your incredulity. I have found out to my satisfaction, the cause of Miss Arnold's curious hallucination concerning Mr. Tunnecliffe. You must, you will, pardon my intrusion upon your family affairs when you learn the danger she is in, this day and hour, from the deception which has been practiced upon her feelings. I should be a party to the threatened catastrophe if I did not interfere to prevent it, even at the risk of making myself still more disliked by Miss Maud. There is to-day in Paris a certain mechanic, a cabinet-maker, who plied his trade with the firm of Smith & Co., New York—David Duncan by name—who, I am authorized to state, upon information given me, has taken advantage of a singular, a really wonderful likeness to the late Mr. Tunnecliffe, to palm himself off as that gentleman. His object is to oust Mr. Bowen from such property as his wife inherited from her brother, and to secure a double good fortune in the hand and heart of Miss Arnold. The game is so bold as almost to insure success by its very audacity. I should not seek to thwart it, had I not indisputable proofs of his identity, antecedents, and intentions. I, myself, purchased the dressing-case which I had the pleasure of sending to your daughter, of Smith & Co., and saw and talked with this man, in their warehouse. He made the case; and it was an exquisite piece of workmanship. I was struck, at the time, with the fellow's taste and intelligence, and a certain impudence in his manner, which, were he in the South, would soon be taken out of him. I did not remember Mr. Tunnecliffe clearly enough to remark the likeness, at that time; though it's altogether probable that it made an impression upon me, unawares to myself. There was a sort of dare-devil air about him which I absolutely admired. I saw that he had originality about him; but, I must say, I had no idea it would take such a startling way of showing itself. To conceive and execute such a strategy requires fine talents!"

"You appreciate them!" remarked Mr. Arnold, with a quiet smile. He was absorbed in the young gentleman's recital, but could not withhold this bit of irony. "How came you so soon to know of his arrival in Paris?"

"Because I was on the look-out for him. I came over on purpose," here Mr. Randolph, remembering the Guizots, flower-makers, stammered in his speech. "I received information before I left New York, of this person's plans. I need not say that it is he whom your daughter has constantly mistaken for Mr. Tunnecliffe; and when you see him, you will not be surprised at her mistake."

Mr. Arnold did not say that he had seen him, and had been similarly impressed; he preferred, first, to hear all that his accuser had to say.

"I was not surprised that, at a distance, on the street, or in the Park, she should have made this mistake; but I was surprised," continued the visitor, "when I saw this person come out of your own house, the evening before your departure, having sought an interview with your daughter during your absence, knowing you to be absent, in order to take advantage of the enfeebled condition of her mind (caused by illness), to impose upon her as the man to whom she had been affianced, and to induce her to pursue a course contrary to the instincts of her lovely and candid nature."

Here he paused, disconcerted by the sudden start with which Mr. Arnold rose to his feet, and the wrath which gathered on his brow; for he could not decide whether he had any share in the anger which he had provoked. It was certainly not pleasant for a man of Mr. Arnold's hauteur to be reminded, by one who had no particular right to such freedoms, that his daughter was of unsound mind, or that she had been guilty of holding secret conference with an adventurer. For many long years the quiet gentleman had not been warmed by such a fire of rage as now suddenly burned in his veins. He was tempted to strike the daring informer, thrust him out of his house, and then call Maud up before the bar of his displeasure. He could not doubt Randolph's statement that she had been induced to hold an interview with this person, and to keep it secret, for had not she confessed as much?

He had thought, at the moment, such a proceeding to be suspicious on the part of the pretended Tunnecliffe, but it had not struck him as being so extremely bad as it did now in the light of another man's opinion. If the double Duncan had come into his presence just then he would have been permitted small chance for explanations. Walking once or twice across the floor, Mr. Arnold paused before his visitor with an attitude unconsciously so threatening, that the latter shrank a little into the corner of the sofa.

"No more, Mr. Randolph, until I have questioned my daughter. She is nervous and morbid, we know, but Maud is prudent and thoughtful, for all. She has meant to do nothing wrong; but I will see that this matter is untangled at once. I thank you for your good intentions. It may be that your communication will be of great service to me."

"Believe me, sir, it was not pleasant for me to make it. But I have reason to think that a secret and speedy marriage will be the result of his visit to the city, and I could not do otherwise than warn you. I have had my eye on this Duncan a long time. I assure you, if, after seeing him, he succeeds in waking a doubt in your mind as to his identity, and you then can have the patience to wait until I can obtain proofs from across the water, I will convince you by many witnesses. I know his boarding-place in New York, and some of his friends there. But enough. I have placed you on your guard. No more can be necessary. I do not think myself competent to advise—but this is glorious weather, and a little journey into Germany or Switzerland might foil the fellow and benefit Miss Arnold's health."

"I thank you," Mr. Arnold waved his hand with an air which could hardly fail to be understood as one of dismissal, and his visitor immediately took leave of him.

As he went down into the street he looked about him with some hesitation. Untruthful as Mr. Randolph was by nature and habit, and selfish as he was in his present aims, he was at least sincere in his belief that Duncan was an adventurer of the worst kind, aspiring to secure the heiress by means which even he despised. Not for a moment had it crossed his thought that the cabinet-maker might be Tunnecliffe in disguise. That view of the subject had not occurred to him. Had he entertained such a suspicion, however, the only change it would have made in his feelings would have been to awaken hatred instead of contempt. He despised the mechanic, and felt a sort of base pleasure in showing him that he knew and would expose him; but, Tunnecliffe, he would have hated, as an equal and a successful rival, had he imagined the person really to be Ward. In that case, the unscrupulous nature which had first set the French girl upon an attempt to break the engagement between the lovers, would now have exerted all its subtlety to prevent a meeting of the parties which might be followed by recognition by the parents of the lady.

As we have said, descending into the broad, sunny street, he looked about him with hesitation. After the haste and excitement of his interview, there flashed across his brain, in the first moment of reflection, a vivid picture of Duncan as he had appeared when they confronted each other on the steps. Then, he had been too full of his purpose to receive the full impression, or, at least, to be conscious of it; but now he remembered that quite a striking change had taken place in Duncan's *tout ensemble*, and one quite favorable. His hair and complexion were lighter, by several shades; the former was cut and dressed in the latest fashion; the rough beard had been shorn away and only a small mustache left, such as Tunnecliffe always had worn; his dress was fine in material and stylish in make.

"Confound his impertinence! he did look like a gentleman—and like him, too—too much like him to suit me. I suppose the fellow has got hold of some old likeness of Tunnecliffe, and has got himself up in as close imitation as possible."

Just there and then it struck him, for the first time, and with nearly the force of a conviction, that perhaps this was Tunnecliffe! that the game might be just the reverse of what he had been believing! He turned a sickly yellow at the thought. He had wasted too much time, conscience and money, to be thwarted now by any thing so simple and fatal as this. No, it was impossible! he would not make himself uneasy about such a bugbear as that. Yet, somehow, the idea, being once lodged in

his brain, would not be driven out. It staid there, and it troubled him.

All this time he was walking slowly back and forth in front of the Arnolds' like a sentinel on guard. In fact, he resolved to constitute himself a guard. If it should be Tunnecliffe it would be all the more necessary to prevent his meeting the family, though how it was to be prevented he could not reasonably plan.

"If I could only secure his arrest! If I could invent some complaint against him which would consign him to a Paris prison until Mr. Arnold could be influenced to leave the city!"

But, Duncan could not be arrested, either as a political enemy to the great Napoleon, nor as a criminal fleeing from his own country. A block or two below the hotel occupied by the Arnolds, on the opposite side of the boulevard, was a small park, across which was the pathway which he and Duncan had followed that morning. Doubtless Duncan would soon renew his call, and he would come through this park. Randolph finally crossed over, entered it, and sat down on a bench near the arch, where he could see whoever passed. He had not waited many minutes when he saw Duncan coming from the direction of his hotel and entering the further side of the park; there was but one thing he could do, with any promise of success, and this he resolved to attempt. Rising and walking to meet him, with an aggravating sneer upon his face, he intercepted him, in the pleasant, tree-shadowed avenue, in the midst of passing groups of children with their *bonnes*, and ladies out for the morning air. There were not many of the braver sex on the gay little promenade at this hour of the day; but one of Louis Napoleon's semi-military police stood, not far away, looking toward the two men at the moment they met.

"You need not jeopardize yourself by calling upon the family whose acquaintance you are so anxious to make," said Randolph, standing so squarely before the other as to compel him to stop. "I know you, fellow, and assure you that your game is blocked. Mr. Duncan will not find it so easy to impose upon a gentleman of Mr. Arnold's sagacity as he did upon the credulity of a soft-hearted young lady."

The blood mounted to the face of the one addressed, but he made no reply, save by a haughty glance, so full of fire and so free from guilt, that his enemy's recent suspicion grew into conviction; as the other attempted to pass on he stepped backward, keeping himself in front of him.

"The cabinet-maker has taken to the garb of a gentleman; but Mr. Arnold is prepared for him. If you make the smallest attempt, sir, to pass for what you are not, steps will be taken to arrest you for a conspiracy with intent to defraud. Neither will you succeed in trapping Miss Maud into a secret marriage. The lady herself may be willing—she is rather romantic, I believe, if not absolutely afflicted with lunacy; but her parents have her under surveillance since they have heard of your designs."

"Insolent!" muttered Duncan, growing white, as quickly as he had grown red, at the manner in which Miss Arnold was spoken of. Every nerve in his body thrilled with a sudden fury; his insulter's face was before him, sneering quietly, provoking the blow which, the next second, would have been planted between Randolph's eyes, had he not dodged and received it on his shoulder. It laid him flat on his back, and made stars dance before his vision, but he picked himself slowly up, as if with great difficulty, while the *bonnes* screamed and the ladies turned pale.

Duncan was passing on, without looking to see what became of his antagonist, when the hand of the officer was laid upon his arm. He was under arrest! How annoying! how unspeakably exasperating, just at this time! As the truth forced itself upon him, that his anger had got the better of his discretion, he caught Randolph's eye. There was a malicious smile in it—although his face was white with the pain in his shoulder—which allowed Duncan to see that he had insulted him and spoken lightly of Miss Arnold for no other purpose than to provoke him to an assault. And he had fallen into the snare! The subtlety of the enemy was an overmatch for his prudence. To be deprived of his liberty for twenty-four hours would not ordinarily be so important a matter; but now it was not only vexing but dangerous. Of course Maud was aware of his arrival, and already wondering why he did not fly to visit her. His further delay would not only cause her great unhappiness, but would probably be used by her friends to get her out of the city—for he saw that Randolph had some such object as this in view. Of course he should eventually discover her whereabouts, and reassure her as to his intentions—but, in the meantime, days must pass and Maud would suffer.

While he was biting his lips with impatience at these reflections, Randolph was pouring forth voluble complaints to the policeman, accusing his assailant of being a quarrelsome person who had assailed him upon slight provocation, as well as hinting that his business in the city was not of an honorable character, and that he had left his own country for reasons best known to himself. Duncan, as we know, was no stranger to Paris, his language was fully at his command, he was familiar with its peculiarities, and knew that he could defend himself when brought up before

the prefect—but the delay he could not obviate. A light fine and twenty-four hours' imprisonment were the least he could expect.

Worse than this was in store for him. When the prisoner and his accuser were brought up for hearing, more attention was paid to the case from the fact that they were Americans. Randolph boldly accused his assailant of being there under a false name, for some criminal or political purpose, and of bearing a very bad character in his own country. He stated that the only cause of the assault upon himself was that, recognizing the person from his notoriety in New York, he had warned him against getting into trouble. With admirable frankness he gave references, for his own character, to the Guizots and to several prominent Americans then in the city.

As to Duncan, what friends could he appeal to? If he sent for Mr. Arnold, that gentleman would doubtless at once confirm the statement of Randolph that he was an impostor, going about with two names. Now, if this double-faced individual really were Ward Tunnecliffe, here was a dilemma which must have forcibly taught him the folly of throwing away a good name and position, casting himself upon the world. It was considered suspicious of itself that he could give no references, and he was sent to prison to be kept in confinement until his case could be more fully investigated.

It would have aggravated a more saintly soul than Duncan's to have seen the pleasure with which his rival listened to this decision of the cautious justice. Powerless to revenge himself at present, he said, in English, with an accent which should have made his enemy thoughtful of the future:

"I owed you something before, but this doubles the debt. When I get out of this we will settle our affairs, Mr. Randolph." The Southerner laughed as he turned lightly on his heel, leaving Duncan to the solace of prison reflections.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 36.)

We soon shall introduce

DR. TURNER'S NEW ROMANCE

of College life and society, in which the student is also the hero of a love and hate drama of no ordinary nature. Written in the noted author's best vein, it is a story to be anticipated with a relish.

The Heart of Fire:

OR,
MOTHER vs. DAUGHTER.
A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "ACE OF SPADES," "SCARLET HAND."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE LAST OF BERTRAND TASNOR.

"She is dead," muttered Bertrand, gloomily, as he knelt by Lurie's side. "It was fated that I should be the cause of her death."

Moodily he gazed upon the fair features of the woman whose head he had once pillowed on his breast, and whom he had sworn to cherish and protect. The red lips that he had kissed so often in the old, old time were now colorless. The golden curls were dabbled with her life-blood, streaming free from the terrible wound in her head. The full, blue eyes were now staring vacantly at the ceiling.

"Poor girl," he muttered, and there was a sad expression in his voice as he spoke, "how different might her fate have been but for the Heart of Fire that she carried in her bosom! It was not altogether her fault that she has been what she has. Nature did much to make her evil, and circumstances did the rest. Men prate about honesty and goodness in this world, while half the time it is but good fortune. Expose these same good and honest men to the temptation by which others have fallen and they, too, will fail."

Then for a few moments he was silent, and gazed fixedly at the rigid features of the dead.

"There is a fascination in her face, though motionless in death, that I can not account for. I do not want to leave her. Bah! this is folly!" he cried, rising with a powerful effort of the will. "What the devil is the matter with me? I feel as if all my energy had deserted me. This is madness! I must get out of this. If I am found here with the body, they will accuse me of murdering her. In reality I am guilty, although my hand did not strike the death-blow."

Then Bertrand turned to leave the room, but, with his hand on the door, he suddenly paused.

"By Jove! I had nearly forgotten," he cried. "The bonds are in the safe in the other room. Aimée said that she carried the key of the safe with her. Why not search for the key, open the safe and secure the bonds? I do not need Aimée's help. Besides, I don't want her with me, anyway. These women never bring me luck. I can easily tell Aimée if she is waiting for me at the foot of the stairs, as she promised to be, that I will return again. The way of escape is clear. The bonds will be a fortune to me. I can hide in some obscure hole until the fuss of this affair blows over and is forgotten; then I

can make my way to Europe. There, with this money, I can live like a king. With plenty of gold—that magic charm—in the gay European cities I can forget all the misery and crime that I have passed through. Now, first for the key."

Bending over the body, he proceeded in his search. A few moments and he held the key of the safe in his hands; a few moments more, the safe was open and the bonds within his hands; also some five hundred dollars in greenbacks.

"Fortune favors me at last!" he cried, in triumph. "This money, with what I already have, will keep me until I can find an opportunity of disposing of the bonds without detection. For about the fourth time in my life I am in possession of a fortune. Let me try this time to take care of it and not lose it like a fool. All goes well with me; my luck has turned. It's about time, for I've had enough ill-fortune within the last few years to do for a man's whole lifetime."

Carefully Bertrand secured the bonds in an inner pocket in his coat, then buttoned it up securely.

"Aha!" he cried, in glee, "who could guess that this common dress conceals a fortune? It is in my grasp, and this time I'll hold it. The devil himself shan't wrest it from me. I suppose I ought to thank my patron, down below, for this streak of luck. It's the first gleam of light that has beamed on my pathway for some time. Now to get out; quietly, if I can, and without seeing any one, but I suppose that that infernal woman will be on the watch for me."

Then Bertrand opened the door.

A sudden surprise greeted him, and it was not welcome.

Aimée stood before the door, her hand raised to knock. Behind Aimée stood a man.

Bertrand caught one glimpse of the man's face; then he reeled back as though he had been stricken by a heavy blow.

The face of the man seemed to him like the face of one risen from the dead.

He could hardly believe his senses.

He, who there stood, before him, was one whom the robber and murderer had hanged to a tall cottonwood, by the Arkansas, in the war-time, when, as a guerrilla captain, he had done many a deed of blood.

The man was Amos Kenwood, the mate of the *Michigan*. He had called to see the widow of his late captain on some business connected with the propeller.

Wild was the expression of fierce delight that came over Kenwood's face as he beheld the man whom he had sworn to kill.

With a single exclamation hissed through his clenched teeth: "Remember Arkansas!" Kenwood sprang upon him.

Bertrand, recovering from his surprise in an instant, was ready for his foe.

A moment the two men swayed to and fro, tightly locked together. Aimée, with fear-stricken eyes, too frightened even to cry out, gazed upon them, terrified.

With a desperate effort, Bertrand swung Kenwood around; the mate of the *Michigan* was hardly a match for Captain Death; then, with a cunning wrestling device, he broke Kenwood's hold and sent him spinning back into the room.

With a cry of triumph, Bertrand sprang down the stairs at breakneck speed.

Kenwood, recovering from the shock, drew a revolver and, hurriedly aiming at the flying man, fired.

The ball, too high for mortal wound, tore through Bertrand's shoulder, but the shock caused him to miss his footing, and headlong he rolled down the stairway. At the bottom he remained, all doubled up in a heap, motionless.

Kenwood descended the stairs.

Bertrand Tasnor was dead; not by the ball of Kenwood's revolver, though; in falling, he had broken his neck.

By accident, not by the malice of a foe, the devil had claimed his own.

Our story is ended.

Rick and the two roughs, Goff and Bedford, are even now living in Chicago, and are well known to the police as three of the most dangerous characters within the limits of the Garden City.

Edmund and Pearl were married, and the millionaire and the sewing-girl have never had cause to regret the hour when first they saw and loved each other.

Beneath the same marble shaft that marks the grave of Captain Middough lies the mortal remains of the woman whom, in life, he loved so well—Lurie, the strange girl, who with the face of an angel, had the passions of a demon, and a heart, not of flesh, but of fire.

THE END.

This closes this truly impressive and powerful production of its versatile author. Those who have had the pleasure of its perusal will be delighted to learn that Mr. Aiken already has anticipated their wishes, and ours as well, by a new novel characterized by all the elements of interest in plot and persons which have made the HEART OF FIRE so attractive. This new novel,

THE WHITE WITCH.

will draw into the foreground a strange, fascinating woman of "our best society," whose wiles and witchery are the warp and woof of a drama, remarkably entrancing to the lovers of love and passion romance. Mr. Aiken writes: "IT IS THE BEST STORY I HAVE EVER WRITTEN"—which is saying much, but whatever he says may be depended upon.

IT WILL SOON APPEAR.

Bound to the Track.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"HERE, Brave! come here!" called my friend Mark Graham, to a fine, large Newfoundland dog that at the moment was slowly crossing the yard in front of where we sat.

The animal instantly obeyed, and came bounding up the steps into the porch, with every expression of delight and affection, eagerly receiving the caresses that were freely bestowed by his master, who seemed as fond of the dog as it was of him.

"You appear to be good friends, Mark, you and Brave," I said, laying my hand on the great, shaggy head that was thrust forward upon my knee.

"And so we are, and with good reason," replied my friend. "You would love any one or any thing that had saved your life, would you not?"

"Assuredly! but what has that to do with your fondness for your dog?" I asked, shrewdly, surmising that the doctor, for such he was, had a "yarn" in store.

Mark was great at that, and as he had seen life in many of its phases, in many parts of the world, he did not always have to draw on the imagination for material.

"Very much to do with him, seeing that he was the principal actor in a little affair that had like to have been my last, and would have but for him. Wouldn't it, old fellow?"

The dog seemed to know perfectly well that he was the subject of conversation, and stood gravely by, looking first at one and then the other, with his great eyes.

"But I will tell you. Take a fresh cigar, and put that book aside, and you, Brave," turning to the dog, "lie down there, and if I don't tell the thing just as it happened, speak out and say so."

"You remember, Ralph, how I, with many others in our neighborhood, was taken with what is sometimes called the 'second gold fever'—the time, you know, when new gold-fields were discovered in Nevada, and when the rush was almost as great as in '49."

"Well, I went out; but, finding that digging was poor pay, I opened shop in a mining village, hung out my sign, painted on the head of a flour-barrel, and began the practice of my profession."

"It was here that I came into possession of Brave, then a mere puppy. He was given me, left as a kind of memento by an Irish miner whom I attended, and who finally died, or rather killed himself, by drinking all the medicine I had left at once because it had a little alcohol in it and had something the taste of whisky."

"Well, shortly after this I removed to a place now known as Truckee, on the railroad where it crosses the Sierra Nevadas, then a mere collection of miners' and road-hands' shanties, but which, nevertheless, afforded a fair practice. Here I remained two or three years, and saw the great road that now binds the East and West together, advance gradually to its completion."

"During this time my reputation had become somewhat extended, and I was frequently sent for to visit patients at quite a distance, at least what would be considered a distance there, for it must be remembered that these mountain roads are not the smoothest in the world, not to speak of the snow that blocks them many months in the year."

"Something over two miles below the village the snow-sheds of the eastern slope began—the first installment or section of them, being a little over half a mile in length."

"The road that led down into the valley, where had sprung up, mushroom-like, another village, ran alongside the snow-sheds, but was the most execrable one that any human ever traveled, and on more than one occasion, when certain that no 'construction train' was due, I had availed myself of the smooth bed of railroad track and rode through the sheds, thereby not only avoiding much discomfort, if not actual danger, but saving time as well."

"This much by way of explanation, and now to my adventure."

"Late one afternoon, I think about sundown, if I remember rightly, a messenger came from the village below with word that a man had been dangerously stabbed in one of those 'free fights' that sometimes took place among the miners and half-breeds, and that I was wanted instantly."

"Starting the messenger back with some simple instructions as regarded the bleeding, I hastened to swallow a cup of coffee, and wrap up while my horse was being caught, as the weather was intensely cold."

"In ten minutes after receiving the call I was in the saddle and was off, but something like five more were consumed in trying to drive Brave back to the house; the dog, for the first time in his life, persisting in disobeying orders and following me. He finally went sulkily back, though I saw it was only with the greatest reluctance."

"When I arrived at the snow-sheds I stopped to consider whether I should venture through or not, and being fully convinced that no train would be moving such a night as that, and wishing to get at the wounded fellow as soon as possible, I determined to do so, and at once entered the black-mouthed cavern."

"Of course it was as dark as Egypt inside, but then the track was broad and smooth, and my horse found not the slightest difficulty in finding it."

"I presume I had traversed half the distance through, when, suddenly, and without the slightest warning, the animal stopped short, snorted violently and began backing with every indication of being sorely frightened. I could feel him trembling beneath me, in every limb, and despite the free use of both whip and heavy Mexican spur, he refused to advance one inch."

"Here was a dilemma. It would never do to go back, for time was precious. I would dismount and lead the stubborn animal past the spot, and remount beyond. To conceive and execute the maneuver was but the work of an instant, but I was not destined to succeed any better in this way than I had been enabled to do in the other."

"As I approached the place which the horse had refused to advance beyond, I fancied I heard a slight noise on one side, and as I turned my head in the direction, a blinding light flashed into my eyes. I caught the faint outlines of a human form, and then, under the effects of a stunning blow, evidently dealt in earnest and by a strong arm, I was hurled bleeding and senseless to the earth."

"I have an indistinct remembrance of seeing, or rather feeling, the forms of men about where I lay, and was dimly conscious that they were rifling my person, but I was too far gone to offer any resistance, even had it been worth while to have done so."

"After this I must have again swooned, for when I at length came fully to my senses, I was alone in the darkness, still lying where I had fallen upon the track, my head aching as though it would burst, and with hands and feet securely tied."

"At first I did not fully realize the terrible position in which I was placed, but as, little by little, I remembered what had occurred, and more especially where I was, the reality in all its horror burst upon me."

"Prostrate upon the railroad track, bound beyond even the hope of releasing myself, utterly powerless to move, for my hands were made fast to one rail and my feet to the opposite one, I saw in an instant the fearful, inevitable doom that awaited me."

"With the first dawn of light the construction train would leave the village above, bearing the hands to work, and then—I could not permit myself to even think what would ensue."

"It was, as I have said, a bitter cold night, but I did not, in the least, feel inconvenienced by it; on the contrary, the perspiration was standing in great drops upon my forehead and over my person."

"I need not tell you how I shouted, screamed, yelled. How I pleaded, and promised, for I had an idea that the villains who had placed me there were still near at hand; but all to no purpose. The hollow echo of my own voice, as it rolled along the narrow tunnel, was the only sound that greeted my ear."

"For a while the time dragged fearfully, but, as the night died away, and I felt that dawn was approaching, it seemed to take wings and fairly fly."

"At length I saw, through a crevice in the boards looking eastward, the first faint glimmer that told me the hour had almost come."

"With a half-futtered prayer, and one last, wild cry for help, I sunk into a happy unconsciousness. Again did I struggle back to life and the realization of my perilous position, but with consciousness came the knowledge that I was no longer alone."

"Something had just licked my face, and I now felt the same thing, whatever it was, pressing its cold muzzle against my bound hands."

"Oh! what a leap my heart gave when, on turning my head, I saw through the dim, uncertain light that now pervaded the shaft, the great, shaggy form of my dog Brave!"

"He saw the movement, and gave a loud, joyous bark, but still remained where he was, busily engaged at something—what I could not at first make out."

"But, a moment later, I understood it all."

"He was gnawing the thongs that bound my hands to the rail, and although they were too much benumbed for me to feel his work, yet I managed to turn my head sufficiently to see."

"How the noble fellow worked! Silently yet steadily, but the tough rawhide was almost as unyielding as the iron about which it was wrapped."

"Speaking words of encouragement, that were scarcely needed, I strove to bear patiently the seemingly interminable time, but it did seem as though it would never end."

"But now a new terror arose appalling before me. That which I had feared during the long hours of the night was about to transpire. With my head lying near the rail, I heard first a faint buzzing like that of a bee, which gradually grew more and more distinct, until it merged into a sullen roar that was unmistakable in its character."

"It was the construction train, and I knew it would take but a short time for it to reach the sheds."

"My brave dog heard and understood the terrible warning, for now, as he bit and tore at the stubborn cords, he set up a loud whine, that rapidly became a yell, that made the tunnel ring with the sound."

"I tried to calculate the time, but my mind was now in a whirl, and I could only

pray that Brave's teeth might yet prove the victor of that swift-coming death. And they did!

"A long, hard tug, a furious shake, and I felt the thongs give way, and my hands were free."

"But, my feet yet remained, and the train was almost upon me!"

"I could hear the puff, puff of the engine, and then came the shrill scream of the whistle as they neared the curve that led into the sheds."

"My hands were still somewhat numb, but the warm breath of the dog had done much toward thawing them out, and, remembering that in my vest-pocket was, or had been, a small lancet, I hastily felt for and found it. The thieves had spared me this."

"With eager haste I leaned forward, pressed the light keen blade against the tough rawhide thongs."

"They parted, and with a wild shout of joy I leaped from the track and sunk, trembling like a child, against the side of the shed as the hissing monster thundered by."

"Brave and I had a little scene, all to ourselves, of affectionate demonstration; after which I made my way back to the village, and told my story."

"The whole country was aroused, and by nightfall I had the satisfaction of seeing the trio of villains operated on by Judge Lynch."

"That is the reason why I love my good dog, Brave. And I think it is a good one! Don't you?"

Cruiser Crusoe:

OR,
LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER FORTY-TWO.

As for myself, I was glad to be alone with my own thoughts. The events of the last twenty-four hours had been so bewildering, that my mind was in a terrible whirl. I knew not what to think of. My capture by the savages, my narrow escape from death, my wondrous rescue by those whom I had little reason to think in the land of the living, were scenes which surpassed all I had gone through during the whole five years that had elapsed since my wreck.

I could not sleep, except one call those snatches or dozes, which last only a few minutes, sleep; but woke every moment with a start, to fancy that all that had occurred was a dream. Then, at last, however, wearied nature overcame every other consideration; I became insensible to all around me for hours.

When I awoke, it was black and dark without, and I crept into the open air, to find the grizzled old seaman at his watch. Nothing had occurred all night to startle him, while even the dying groans of the wounded were no longer heard. This stillness of the savages made me suspect some devilment, and I became uneasy.

"If attacked," I said, "you can rouse the others. This perfect calm alarms me. I will go on the scout."

"Not if I know it, boy."

"There is no danger," I replied; and explained to him the mechanism of my cave.

My project was to pass through, gain the heights, and, by following their edge, try and discover what the Fans were doing. Danger there could be none, as they would have miles to go round to reach the spot where the ravine could be crossed. With my telescope and gun, I should be far more useful than inside the cave or fortification.

"Why, my dear Alfred," said the grim old sailor, "you beat Robinson Crusoe. This is indeed a most wonderful island!"

I could not help smiling, and then, after giving him certain directions, was about to depart, when we heard a strange noise outside the gate; and then the dogs flew with a yell, and began scratching underneath. As no attack was made, I would not stir, but climbing up my ladder with stealthy steps, peered down through the leaves.

It was a number of lads and women removing the dead bodies.

I had a great mind to fire, for I suspected the horrid purpose for which they were being taken. Then I recollected that no tribe eats its own dead. The Fans buy the dead of the Oshebas, who in turn buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from the Mbichos and Mbondemos, for which they readily give ivory, at the rate of a small tuk for a body.

But another consideration also restrained me, which was, that the removal of bodies in that hot weather was strictly necessary from sanitary motives.

I descended from the ladder, and communicated my information to the skipper; after which I passed through my cave, drove back all my dogs but Tiger, and closing my door behind me, crept through the serpent cavern and soon again emerged into the open air. There was now a faint tint of dawn creeping slowly along the eastern horizon, of which I was extremely glad.

Taking my way along the summit of the rocks, a walk of a few hundred yards brought me to a spot which overlooked the

plain, and there I saw the Fans had collected a perfect army in numbers, and one which it was almost impossible for us successfully to oppose. Stooping behind the arid bushes which grew on the crest of the ravine, I used my telescope, and saw that they had piled all the dead bodies, more than a dozen, in a heap, and were now about to go through some ceremony.

They were about to dance some dance to the music of a monotonous little drum, which is their favorite instrument. It was a wild scene, but did not last long, as they seemed in a hurry. But while it lasted, it was, indeed, a wild and horrible scene, to behold about ten hundred nearly naked savages whirling about with all sorts of frightful and hideous contortions of their limbs.

When this ceased, the women approached with food, which they ate eagerly, though—perhaps it was my heated imagination—they cast longing glances at the pile of human flesh.

No sooner was the morning meal consumed, than they rose, clutched their cross-bows, lances, clubs and spears, and advanced to the assault, this time with a fierce determination which boded us no good. They were soon about two hundred feet from me, and five from the gate of the fortress. With a desire to alarm the garrison, and without regard to consequences, I leveled, took careful aim at a tall chief, and fired. I saw that he bit the dust; and then, expecting a grand onslaught, took to my heels.

When I gained the cavern, I found all up and ready. Their sleep had refreshed them much, and when a hasty breakfast had been handed round, they all seemed to come forth with new vigor.

Still no attack from the savages. I have already explained that when I planted the dense thicket, which was, as it were, the wall of my fortress, I left the trees which were there before, only cutting down for fuel any that came near the outer part of the wall. I now proposed that three of us should, by means of our ladder, climb into their branches, and surprise the savages by a volley from the summit of the trees.

This was agreed to, Captain John Thomas remaining near his broadside, for which he had a considerable predilection. The others, guided by me, ascended the ladder, and then climbed from bough to bough, until we were on the edge of the wall.

The Fans were advancing gloomily and slowly, in great force, though I remarked, with an inward shudder, that about a dozen of their slimmest warriors of runners had turned back, and were evidently about to cross the ravine in search of an explanation of the shot from the rocks.

This was a terrible shock, as they were as likely as not to discover the shaft-like entrance to my cave; in which case we were lost.

Just as this idea crossed my imagination, another of such portentous character came to my brain, that I almost cried aloud for joy. But I restrained myself, and resolved to mature the plan in my own mind before I had recourse to so extreme a measure. The savages carried their huge elephant shields in such a way as to protect their bodies. But what puzzled me was this:

The front of the column was composed of about a dozen men, who had fastened one great shield above the others in such a way as to descend to their very feet, while those behind appeared to be carrying bundles.

Bundles! Yes; they were about to attack my fortification by fire. This explained their long quiet. They had been collecting masses of reeds, bamboos, and dry wood, to burn us out. But this was not the only danger. These savages were extremely agile, and a cause of alarm of a very peculiar kind suggested itself.

As soon as the column was near enough, we held whispered counsel and took aim, each taking care to select a different man. We fired at their heads, and were so much in earnest that they dropped either dead or mortally wounded.

Then the whole body, without caring for their companions, made a desperate rush at the walls and cast down their bundles of fagots at the foot of the dense thicket. Again we fired with deadly effect, and then retreated to the inside of the fort, to wait the course of events.

It was fortunate, indeed, that I had, during my stay on the island, bethought me of saving up a goodly store of provisions, which, though salt, were welcome, as we had a goodly supply of water. Then there was my poultry-yard, which on a pinch would serve us for fresh meat, should the siege be prolonged to any great extent. This, however, I doubted, as I was fully aware that it was the habit of savages, if not successful when making a dash, to give up and retire in despair, before losing too many men.

As soon as we were all together in a sheltered corner of the hut, we began to devise as to the best plan of acting under the circumstances. That the savages would burn us out, was a matter of great probability, as the amount of fuel they could bring to bear on the fort would be immense, and nothing would be easier than to make a clear open pathway to the inside.

My advice was, to take my infernal machine bodily on its frame into the very depths of my cave, which I thought we could defend against any amount of ene-

mies. My friends had a tolerable supply of powder, while I had enough to last all our guns for a week. They readily acquiesced; but upon examination of the interior, the old sailor suggested that my battery should be fixed in the doorway of the upper cave, which would then be, to all intents and purposes, impregnable.

I thought this a very good suggestion, as it would sweep my cave, and prevent an otherwise wanton amount of destruction on the part of the irritated and infuriated invaders of my home.

Several cargoes of provisions were moved to my inner cave, with a thick deal box, the contents of which were now invaluable to me, though formerly I had scorned them as useless.

This done, the infernal machine was fixed on its frame in such a way as not to impede our exit and entrance; and then we again sallied forth to watch the progress of events, all being calm and collected, but at the same time prepared for the worst. It was a very sultry, hot day, and we could even hear in the distance the rolling of the thunder portending a storm.

Just as we heard this, in order to be screened from the scorching rays of the sun, we had crept under the shadow of a tree at some distance from the cave. Scarcely had we taken shelter, when my dogs began to bark furiously, sticking up their noses in the air, and jumping in the wildest and strangest manner. As it behoved us to be very careful, and to omit no opportunity of watching the Indians, we broke off a low, whispered conversation, and I peered up into the air.

My heart beat wildly as I remarked the infernal cunning and perseverance of these warriors. About half a dozen had crossed the rocks, followed the ridge until they had made out the region above my cave, and were now clambering into the tops of the palm trees. Only one of these, however, could be reached from the rocks, but that gained, nothing would be easier than to cling to the next.

But the savages had no intention of adopting this means of attack. They were picked young men, who probably intended to show the great body of warriors what desperate deeds of valor they were capable of. The first warrior no sooner was on the tree, than, peering down, he began to descend. I whispered the state of things to my friends, and gave directions how to act.

We first cautiously moved the branches on one side and took aim, by previous agreement allowing four to get onto the tree first. With a whispered signal, we fired—all at once. A fearful fall, and the subsequent furious barking of our dogs, was all we could make out. Then the smoke cleared away, and on the ground we saw one warrior being torn to pieces by our dogs. But our eyes were then, by one accord, cast upward, and we saw the three wounded, bleeding wretches using frantic efforts to re-ascend the tree.

At this moment a fearful crackling, and the rising of a dense column of smoke, informed us that the main body had succeeded in setting fire to their fagots. This decided our course of action, as the wood was all so dry that hot season as to be very inflammable. Without waiting to see the result of the fearful struggle above, we entered the cave and encircled ourselves, after some few more preliminaries, inside the inner cave, where even in a hand-to-hand fight we should stand a very fair chance.

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